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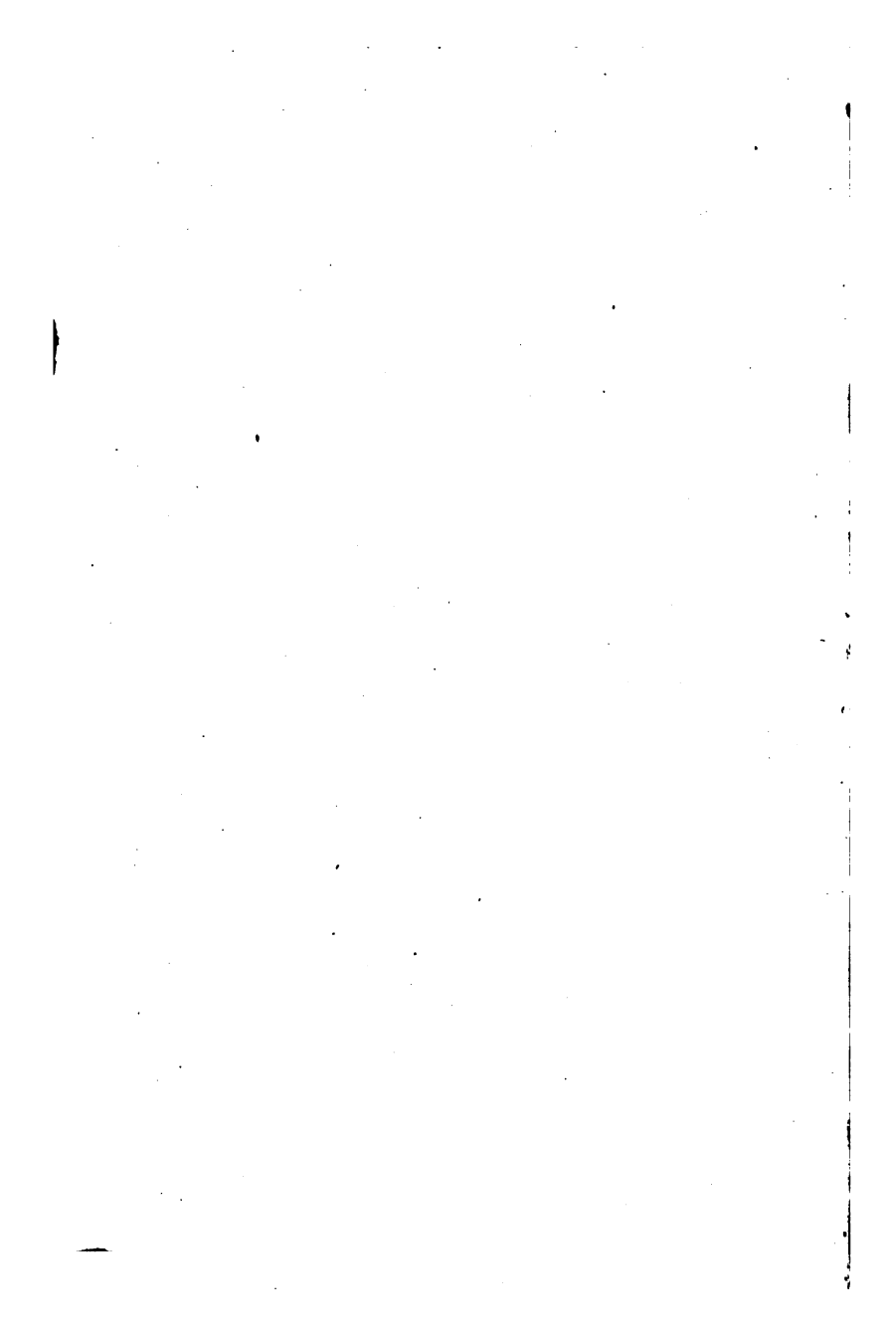
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The Maple Dell of '76' is a temperance tract in verse, by Mrs. O. A. Powers, who relates, with evident feeling, the too common story of a home made desolate by the curse of drink. The story is evidently truthful, and is told in an artless way that disarms criticism. It is printed for the author, who sells the little book for the support of her family.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"This is a poem with a moral, and recounts the sufferings of a wife married to an intemperate husband, besides criticising with great freedom the laws by which she suffered. It is a curiosity in literature."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"The Maple Dell' is the title of a volume of verse by Mrs. O. A. Powers. It depicts the evils of intemperance, and is the story of a wife's suffering. Mrs. Powers is selling her book for her livelihood."—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald*.

"This is a remarkable collection of poems. The theme is a home made desolate by drink. The artless method of poetical expression is novel as well as surprising. We hardly think the reader will be content with a single extract. The desire will be to devour the whole. The poems disarm criticism, as well as criticising the laws under which the writer was a sufferer, married to an intemperate husband, from whom there was no divorce. The book is a curiosity in literature. The author, Mrs. Powers, is asking our citizens to purchase it for the support of her family."—*Elmira (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser*.

"The Maple Dell of '76' is the title of a volume of poems by Mrs. O. A. Powers, who is now selling the work in this city for a livelihood. It is a verified temperance story, told with great pathos and feeling, and recounts the too common story of a home desolated by the curse of strong drink. The volume cannot fail to exert a healthful influence in the cause of temperance, and no family should be without a copy."—*Auburn (N. Y.) Daily Advertiser*.

"The sad story is told in a frank and artless way, and if it could be read by every person addicted to the use of strong drink, it would make thousands of converts to the temperance cause."—*Syracuse (N. Y.) Daily Journal*.

"The Maple Dell of '76' is the title of a story in verse, written by Mrs. O. A. Powers, and now in its second edition. The authoress, who is a worthy woman, is now canvassing this city for the little volume. 'The Maple Dell' has the merit of sincerity, and tells a true temperance story with more than customary power and pathos."—*Utica (N. Y.) Morning Herald*.

"The Maple Dell.' The above is the title of an intensely interesting temperance story in verse, written by Mrs. O. A. Powers, who is now in this city canvassing for it. Mrs. Powers is well known to our citizens, having before visited us canvassing for another of her works, which was very popular with our people. A home desolated by the wine-cup is the foundation of 'The Maple Dell,' and while the story is sad, it is remarkably interesting and very entertaining and wholesome reading. To peruse it will do more good than a thousand temperance lectures from the rostrum, and great good could be done by the philanthropic by purchasing large numbers of this most deserving lady, who has suffered from the woes she so vividly depicts, and scattering among our people. Mrs. Powers, while doing a blessed work in the great cause that should be dear to every Christian heart, is striving in this way to support her household, and our citizens who gave her such a generous welcome before, we believe will feel that she deserves all the kindly assistance they can give her by purchasing her book."—*Binghamton (N. Y.) Daily Leader*.

"Mrs. O. A. Powers is a lady who is entitled to no small amount of credit for her perseverance in supporting her family by selling a little volume of poems, and not less for being herself the author of the verses. The book is called 'The Maple Dell of '76,' and is a most effective document, it being a narrative illustrating the evil of intemperance. It is the story of a family whose fortunes were blasted by the curse of liquor. Being founded upon an actual experience, the more interest is added to the pathetic tale. Mrs. Powers is at present in this city engaged in the toilsome task of earning a livelihood by selling her book."—*Rochester (N. Y.) Daily Union and Advertiser*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"... Such is the tale of the woes of Adelia as told by Mrs. Powers. We need not say that it is a work of rare originality. Those who have read this little outline will recognize that without our saying it, and those—may their number be many—whose appreciation of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, may lead them to purchase the volume and pursue their studies further, will find that they have caught but a glimpse of the glories within. They will find that for the trifling sum of seventy-five cents they have obtained a work which will infuse good morals into giddy youth, refresh and comfort over-worked middle age, and smooth the path of age to the grave. They will also have the satisfaction of knowing that they have contributed to the support of the author, whose sole means of livelihood is through the sales of her poems."
—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express*.

"A neat little volume, whose title is 'The Maple Dell of '76,' is before us. It contains a poem with a moral, and depicts the trials and tribulations of a woman who gives her hand in marriage to a man addicted to strong drink. There is a vein of pathos running through lines which cannot fail to touch the hearts of the sympathetic. The authoress, Mrs. O. A. Powers, is canvassing the city and should meet with a warm reception."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Sunday Morning News*.

"'The Maple Dell of '76,' by Mrs. O. A. Powers, is the title to a small volume of verse, which purports to tell the story of a marriage made unhappy by the inebriate habits of a husband. It is certainly a very vivid picture of domestic unhappiness, and the author deserves encouragement in the sale of her book, from which she derives her livelihood and independence."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Daily Courier*.

"This collection of poems is remarkable. The title only gives the location of the story, which is that of a home desolated by the terrible curse of strong drink. It is founded upon an actual experience, and as a temperance tract it is most instructive and effective. The woes of the family whose fortunes were blasted are graphically and vividly depicted, and the criticisms of the author of the laws which compelled the wife and mother to suffer from the cruelty of her husband are pointed and keen. Mrs. Powers, the author, is in the city disposing of her book, and she should meet with hearty encouragement. We have here a large temperance element, and the book should have an extended sale."—*Washington (D. C.) Republican*, Jan. 7, 1882.

"Among the contributions to the literary world, there are none more interesting nor commendable than 'The Maple Dell of '76.' It is a charming temperance book in verse, by Mrs. O. A. Powers, whose pen pictures of the havoc, desolation, and misery brought about by strong drink are truthful and real. It should be read by all victims of intemperance and those who are not."—*Washington (D. C.) Critic*, Dec. 30, 1881.

"'The Maple Dell of '76' is the title of what may properly be called a domestic poem, relating the infelicities of a matrimonial alliance that was blighted by a husband's intemperance. The verses are simple and expressive, and embody a moral that may be taken home with profit to the hearts of every household."—*Washington (D. C.) Post*, Jan. 30, 1882.

"Mrs. O. A. Powers has written a poem entitled 'The Maple Dell of '76,' which is a temperance lecture in rhyme. The story is told in plain, strong English, and the picture it draws may be recognized as true to the life by every reader who has seen anything of the world."—*Harrisburg Telegraph*, Dec. 8, 1881.

THE MAPLE DELL OF '76.

BY
MRS. O. A. POWERS.

EIGHTH EDITION.

PRINTED BY LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.
1883.

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PREFACE.

THIS book is respectfully dedicated to all the friends of suffering humanity,—those who believe in the Golden Rule, and practice it in word and deed.

This volume has at least one merit, and that is, brevity. A gifted author says:

“ Books are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found ;
And from his logic we may reason hence,
The fewer leaves in books the more the sense.”

Adelia, the lawyer's first wife, who never broke the marriage-vow, was subpœnaed, to give the history of her matrimonial experience, by Lieutenant Jurist, a “ handsome ” attorney and counsellor-at-law. She at once proceeded to give a faithful narrative of the ten years of his intemperate legislation through which she had passed for the Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania. Soon as the legal mandate was obeyed, Adelia was informed that if she presented her statement to the Keystone Court, Lieutenant Jurist would procure a writ of habeas corpus, and take possession of her only child.

Whoever takes my child from me,
Will be unsafe on land or sea.

I thought slavery was abolished years ago. Does a servile law still exist to disgrace the statute books permitting the separation of mother and child ?

Lieutenant Jurist himself. with a canteen full of

whiskey, took up arms against the South to help exterminate slavery, and just before he left the North to go on that mission, he displayed his military prowess on his wife by striking her with his fist. While the tears poured down her cheeks, she said that if any colored woman was treated as cruelly in the South as she was in the North by her wine-bibbing, belligerent husband, she hoped and prayed that devastating war would rage till the besom of destruction had swept tyranny from the face of the whole earth.

Long years have passed since Freedom's birth,
Does wrong still triumph over earth ?

Ye friends of suffering humanity, Adelia, not knowing what cruel habeas corpus writ may next be threatened by a sworn traitor in "this land of the free and home of the brave," requests me to dedicate this biography to you, and she wishes me to ask you if you will please be kind enough to send her legal statement forth on the "wings of the morning," and to take good care of her child, and let him not be kidnapped by Bacchus.

For the rich and the poor there's a grave and a shroud,
But a Jersey divorce makes the lawyer more proud ;
He can court with his license beyond Maple Dell
Without any fear of a bigamist's cell.

Oh, when will the laurels of honest renown
Be worn by the victors who trample vice down ?
Knight-errants of mercy who battled for right,
Has all their true valor departed from sight ?
Are the just and the noble, the wise and the brave,
All sculptured in marble, and cold in the grave ?
Oh, when will the triumph of virtue and truth
Be honored by age and respected by youth,
And the golden age visit earth's planet once more,
With good deeds prolific that none need deplore ?

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Mother's Counsel	9
Adelia marries the Lawyer	11
The Students' Serenade	12
The Deacon comes	13
Seeking a Home	14
The Mountain Exiles	23
Adelia alone with the Lawyer's Infant	25
Miss Alice comes	26
The Lawyer comes	27
The Lawyer continues to Imbibe	30
The Lawyer's Father Laments	31
The Court of Love	33
Courting in the Maple Dell	35
The Lawyer's Vesperee in the Maple Dell	40
Delilah's Vesperee in the Maple Dell	41
The Freemason Lodge	44
The Lawyer's Matinee in the Maple Dell	45
Delilah's Matinee in the Maple Dell	46
Adelia writes to her Husband	47
Jurist writes to his Wife	47
Adelia Prays	48
Courting in the Maple Dell continues	49
The Lawyer's Vesperee in the Maple Dell	51
The Court of Justice	57
Jurist vs. Adelia	59
A Subpœna in Divorce	61

	PAGE
Adelia's Statement	62
Lieutenant Jurist	69
Pennsylvania's Verdict	76
A Telegram to Themis and Bellona	77
A Telegram to Delilah	78
A Telegram to Excelsior	79
A Telegram to Beau-Monde-Beau Society	81
Courting in the Maple Dell continues	83
The Lawyer's Vesperee in the Maple Dell	84
A Telegram to the Hon. Court of New Jersey Chancery, of 1876	85
A Telegram to Church-going People	91
Farewell, Farewell Forever	91
The Highest and Best Court	95

THE MAPLE DELL OF '76.

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE eve before marriage a good mother said :
" Adelia, wait longer ; 'tis solemn to wed.
'Tis true there is beauty in his brilliant eyes,
He talks like a lover true, honest, and wise ;
Yet you would be safer, Adelia, my child,
If you would reject him. This world is a wild
Of poor wedded people, who suffer and roam,
Devoid of the comforts and blessings of home.
Here rich fields are blooming with clover and wheat,
And our cellars are filled with plenty to eat ;
'Twas here that you drew your first infantile breath ;
And here you can live from your birth till your death.
This homestead your father provided for you
Will keep you in comforts as you journey through
The light and the shadow on life's human tide,
Let the silver bells ring for another his bride.
Poor people in trouble have come here for years ;
Your father and I have both looked on their tears
And given them rations of nourishing food.
The farms are prolific, the orchards are good,
A marriage may bring you as lowly as these
To whom we have given the meat, bread, and cheese.

Look out on this valley where you have a share,
Broad acres yield for us enough and to spare.
Had I, like a gypsy, consented to roam,
In the desert might be your desolate home."

"Oh, mother, I love him! Do, do let me go!
Without him my heart is an organ of woe.
Young Jurist is wooing so charming and bland,
Farewell to the orchards and fine cultured land.
Please give your consent, and his fortunes I'll try,
He never will cause me to famish and sigh.
He's brave and he's handsome, the best one of all
The valiant coterie that ever did call.
My mind is fixed on him, and he is my choice,
Enraptured I listen to hear his dear voice.
He sings from best poets the sweetest of songs,
He never was guilty of criminal wrongs.
He loves from pure motives of honor and truth,
He says, 'We'll live happy as Boaz and Ruth.'"

"Though his words and his deeds seem genial and
kind,
No friend like a mother a daughter can find.
Home comforts and blessings are treasured in store,
And loving ones faithful, why wish you for more?
The orchards have blossomed and fruitful the trees,
'Mid the chirping of birds and the humming of bees,
The hives flow with honey, and bowls flow with cream,
O why should a lawyer be your chosen theme?
Paths wind through the meadow and fine shady grove,
Your time is your own: you can work, read, or rove,
You can drive through the valley the sorrel or the
bay,
Your marriage may banish home comforts away,

The garden is blooming to welcome your eyes,
And are you not happy 'neath bright smiling skies?"

"My present and future, for sorrow or weal,
Depends upon Jurist; 'tis true love I feel.
His standard of virtue is noble and high,
Upon him my future can safely rely.
'Tis true love illumines his dark flashing eyes,
And for me he's pleading with eloquent sighs,
Oh, mother, I know that he brings a good fate,
For me he has come from Pacific's gold State.
Oh, give your consent or the world will look drear,
Without him I'll languish 'mid blooming fields here"

"My child, you love deeply, I sigh a consent,
May God in his mercy pitch safely your tent!
'Tis sad for a mother when children depart,
The loved ones she nurtured upon her warm heart.
Maternal affection like mine suffers pain,
The thoughts of your welfare are filling my brain;
But as you're a captive and love is a snare,
I hope that your captor will give you good care.
Wherever you wander, wherever you stay,
Look upward for strength and remember to pray."

ADELIA MARRIES THE LAWYER.

No festal rejoicing, no feast was prepared,
The flocks and the herds from slaughter were spared;
Her mother and brothers refused to attend,
To see her united with Jurist, her friend.

'Twas less than one year since her father had died,
And sable crape hung on the form of the bride,
While hope, blessed hope, filled her heart and her
head,

She judged of the living by him that was dead.
She thought of her father, who always was kind,
And thought best of virtues in manhood combined.

No science had taught her that flesh from a horse*
Could make man inconstant in love's sacred course,
She thought he was made in God's image of dust,
And, like his Creator, was pure, kind, and just.
No vision presented a wine-glass or flask
That time in the future would ever unmask.
The pastor's own parlor was cheerful and bright,
Adelia and Jurist were wedded all right.

THE STUDENTS' SERENADE.

THE eve after marriage the students in glee,
Assembled to have a fine jubilee.
They gathered around the home of the bride,
Like an army with banners they marched side by side;
Came up to the garden and gave a salute
With musket and viol, drum, fife, and lute.
The bride's mother descended and said to the boys,
"Come into my basement, we need no applause ;

* Adelia does not yet believe the unscientific new-fangled notion that man was originally created from horse-flesh or dog-flesh, although the fidelity of a biped like Jurist is very diminutive when compared with that of a faithful quadruped.

The coffee and apples, the mince-pies and cake,
You're welcome to eat, and most freely partake,
For coming unbidden with gladsome salute,
To welcome the bridegroom with viol and lute.

"Some students are merry 'mid plenty or dearth,
In spite of sage teachers they glory in mirth.
Be good and be happy, no one need despair,
The moonlight is charming and frosty the air.
Don't court till a cottage is yours without rent;
With text-books of knowledge, young men, be content;

Let not busy Cupid allure you to wed
Until you are able to earn your own bread.
Take care of your hearts and take care of your health,
Remember that wisdom is better than wealth.
Young men, be ye valiant for virtue and right;
The college bell rings and I bid you good-night."

THE DEACON COMES.

NEXT morning strange tidings came over the hill,
A good deacon brought them, and they caused a thrill.

"Adelia, I'm told that you are married," he said;
"You are a church member,—I'm told that you're wed
To a man who drinks whiskey and treats the whole crowd.

If this be a fact you will see a dark cloud;
The 'blackness of darkness' will hang o'er your life;
You cannot be happy if such a man's wife."

Adelia felt hopeful, and said, "He is pure ;
I think that his love for me will endure.
I think that this rumor is false and untrue ;
But I am aware it was not made by you.
With whiskey I'll never make one compromise,
Its sparkling potations shall not blear my eyes.
No rum-cloud to darken my future appears ;
Of vapors from alcohol I have no fears."

"I felt it my duty to warn you before ;
The shadows may deepen to make you deplore.
I hope that your husband may prove good and true
And ever be faithful and gentle to you ;
In purest affection I hope you may dwell
And your union prove happy. Adelia, farewell."

"The Lord of all wisdom is able to save
A wine-glass from digging out soil for my grave.
Good deacon, your duty most faithful is done,
As yet I'm exempt from the riots of rum.
I'll pray the Great Master to daily provide,
And send a good angel to stay by my side,
To guard me from perils by day and by night.
I thank you for holding a signal in sight,
And if in my future clouds gather in view,
I'll think of your warning and friendly adieu."

SEEKING A HOME.

IN marriage united, the bridegroom and bride
Looked out in the world for a home to reside.
Her mother gave plenty to help him prepare,
And Jurist demanded Adelia's whole share.

He said Jersey law placed them all in his hold,
And he would take care of her bank-notes and gold.
They went over rivers and mountains to find
A cottage and climate of favorable kind.
On the bank of St. Croix they found an abode,
And Jurist a garden of vegetables sowed ;
He ploughed and he planted, then let the rank weeds
Grow up and choke out agricultural seeds.
Adelia toiled faithful to have a good home,
While Jurist drank freely and went forth to roam.
He mixed ale and porter, wine, brandy, and beer ;
They boiled in his stomach, the riot was near.
He lingered in bar-rooms till late in the night,
Came home from his comrades prepared for a fight.
He swore and he raved for the battle and feud,
While Adelia prepared him warm raiment and food.
Before and since marriage, alas ! his reform
Was brief as the crackling of a blazing thorn.

"Adelia," said he, "butter costs me too much,
It is too expensive for your lips to touch ;
This winter without it you surely must do,
Forty cents for one pound costs too much to feed
you."

Short rations when wedded one year and no more,
She never had heard of privation before.
She told him the Devil owned grog-shops and stills,
But God owned the cattle on thousands of hills ;
Good bread and good butter were wholesome to eat,
God never intended that corn, rye, and wheat
Should turn into whiskey to brutalize man,
While women were starving, 'twas no righteous plan.
Poor women and children in poverty clad,
Deprived of home comforts, by hunger made sad ;

Young faces looked aged in life's early morn,
For want of provision, the wheat, rye, and corn ;
The millions of bushels of nourishing grain,
The forty million bushels from hillside and plain,
All yearly destroyed in producing vile drink,
To drown best of virtues, in vices worst sink.

"Adelia, I swear that you are another
Pious fanatic, and worse than your mother.
The climate is cold, and Wisconsin is high ;
Here flasks and decanters will never get dry.
I swear you're a source of more sorrow than joy,
Come, pack up your goods, and we'll seek Illinois."

In fair Elgin city he started a home,
All covered with mortgage from cellar to dome ;
He planted a garden, it blossomed in town,
Prolific with nettles and thistles' bright down ;
Wild grasses grew thrifty, and covered the spot,
Potatoes and cabbage could vegetate not ;
And if she looked for them in summer or fall,
She needed a microscope, they were so small.
'Tis not in high latitudes only that rum
Makes domestic affections to sorrow succumb ;
No matter what climate, how balmy and fair,
The storm-cloud of whiskey brings blackest despair.
A house was divided by whiskey's high tide.
No rainbow of promise gave cheer to the bride.
She hoped on and hoped on that he would reform,
And bright days of happiness follow the storm.

A fair infant came, and Adelia's warm heart,
Hoped the demon of rum would forever depart ;
That Jurist, the father, would love his first-born,
And dash down the wine-cup that makes home forlorn.

The babe was unhappy, she moaned night and day,
She soared from this earth on bright pinions away;
And Jurist kept drinking the same as before;
He came from his cups to hold riot once more.
He pulled up Adelia from out the arm-chair,
And said, "For gymnastics you now must prepare;
Your head to the ceiling now upright move fleet,
While into my hands I will steady your feet,
And then I'll reverse your position, for once
You shall stand on your head, my poor, crazy dunce."
Adelia begged Jurist to let her have rest,
She told him his doings caused painful distress;
But Jurist, unconscious, with rum in his head,
Would heed not one word of the warning she said.
The nerves were all stretched, and the organs gave way;
Oh, that deed was more cruel than daggers that slay.
Adelia just rising from her travail-bed
Was not an athletic to stand on her head;
But rum has its license to torture with grief,
And open new graves to give women relief.
For months she was helpless and suffered with pain;
On the bed and arm-chair she was forced to remain.
She looked like a shadow of her former self.
He sent her to Jersey in quest of lost health,
Where salt-water breezes could waft and restore
The sick and impoverished on ocean's lone shore,
Where noise of the bittern and seafaring gull
Could solace the heart and its sorrows all lull.
She looked like a woman approaching the grave.
Where now is her husband so handsome and brave?
He is off in a grog-shop, at Springfield afar,
Along the Sangamon, attending a bar.
In the storms of the world, bleak, chilly, and drear,
She stands without consort to comfort and cheer;

Her money brave Jurist had scattered abroad,
And the time was fast coming for her to be lawed.

The rum-clouds had gathered like mountains in size,
But God was above them, she lifted her eyes.
She did not drink whiskey, she did not drink gin,
A school-house was open, she labored therein.
She went on this mission through cold, heat, and
storm,

In hopes to get clothing for her suffering form.
She plod through the meadows and o'er the long road ;
She boarded around from abode to abode,
Among the good people whose children she taught.
At the close of each day their dwellings were sought,
Their homes in the country, on hillside and plain.
And by sweat of her brow and sweat of her brain
The school year was finished, brought money hard
earned,

And words of condolence "their children had learned."
The woods and the meadows looked frosty and sere,
The leaves were fast falling, the storms were severe.
Adelia's thin raiment was getting threadbare,
She suffered for clothing in Autumn's bleak air ;
She needed a cloak to protect her slight form,
Compelled to face Boreas in storm after storm.
But, lo, when her earnings were ready to spend,
They straightway were taken by Jurist, her friend.
The friend who had sold at a constable sale
The gifts from her mother's good home in the vale,
The friend who had made her drink dregs worse than
gall,

Came forth from a grog-shop, again took her all.
She taught school and taught school, and Jurist was
paid,

To help him get sober he made her afraid ;

He told her in Jersey it was a wise law
That all the wives' earnings the husbands must draw..
Submissive she yielded, and hoped he'd prove true,
And kindly return all her funds that were due.
Strong hope nerved her soul this subjection to bear,
She thought the time coming when for her he'd care.

Dear Jurist was teaching, and wore a new suit,
The prospect looked brighter for sober repute.
Dear Jurist for years had been wishing a son,
Again he was father, an infant had come.
Adelia was hopeful, and thought this event
Would sober her husband and make him content
To settle his mind on his child and his wife,
And raise him to manhood above whiskey's strife.
But, ah, the millennium time had not come,
That natal day Jurist made merry with rum.
The mother and infant were left all alone,
While tares on the mountain and valley were sown.
He looked on his boy through the lenses of rum,
And said, "Little fellow, too soon you have come.
My world is too small, there is no room for you ;
And where I shall keep you I cannot see through.
There's old Mr. Cox* in his villa so fine,
Perhaps he will take this bright youngster of mine.
He never was blessed with a daughter or son,
To him and his brothers at once I will run.

* The Messrs. Cox were three aged brothers. A New Jersey paper stated that their united ages were two hundred and twenty-nine years. It was by the bedside of one of these infirm old gentlemen that Lieutenant Jurist placed a cradle to receive Adelia's infant child. A venerable-looking old lady, whose home was under the hospitable roof where aged people seemed to convene, said that she did not know how Mr. Cox

I think that a cradle will cheer their old age,
And your playmate can be their spotted dog Maj.

could get along with a baby in his room, for he was sick and could not bear to be disturbed by children. Adelia looked upon her poor, innocent infant, whom she loved more than language could tell. She had cut up all her best clothes to keep it warm. She had watched over it with the most tender, maternal affection during its brief period of existence by day and by night.

Lieutenant Jurist intended to leave his infant child with these aged, infirm people. He designed to have his wife go out in the world and earn her own living, and give him her earnings also, in compliance with his beautiful laws, just as she had done previous to the birth of her second child.

He said, "Adelia, you're crazy! the New Jersey laws give the wife to the husband; he may govern the household, choose her associates, separate her from her relatives, restrain her personal and religious freedom, and, if necessary, chastise her with the same moderation he would an apprentice or child. Legitimate children belong to the father. He is entitled to their labor, custody, and has power to dispose of them till they are twenty-one, by deed or legacy, even if they are unborn at his death. He may, by will, at his death give them away from the mother into the custody of any guardian. Adelia, you are crazy, and know nothing about law."

"Lieutenant Jurist, whoever has a heart hard enough to put such laws into practice is cruel as Nero, the tyrant of Rome, who roasted people for his amusement."

"Adelia, you are nothing but a crazy woman, and these wise laws that I have just repeated for your consideration come from the best legal authority known, and are purposely intended to promote the highest and best welfare of both mothers and their children; but you're a '*non compos*,' and cannot understand the salutary influence that laws have over women-idiots and children."

"Lieutenant Jurist, indescribable agony fills my whole being. I think it would be very cruel to leave my infant, of less than one year and a half old, with a consumptive person, whose feeble health and extreme age requires kind consideration; he already has his two aged, infirm brothers to support. I was lawfully married to you. You are the father of my child. You are a young, strong, able-bodied man, and I must

Your mother must leave you as soon as she can,
And go at school-teaching, 'tis time she began.

confess that, being 'nothing but a woman,' I fail to see the justness of such unnatural proceedings."

"This is the home that I engage;
Adelia, go and tread the stage.
Put a blue stocking on your head,
And folks will think you are well-bred."

"Lieutenant Jurist, I have a conscience, and it informs me that I must not leave my child or I shall instantly be whirled into the depths of the cavern of misery by a tornado of self-reproachful thoughts."

"Adelia, you are nothing but a woman; you need have no further care of your infant; you can leave it here for safe-keeping."

"Lieutenant Jurist, if I am nothing but a woman, a good home of comfort and plenty were always mine till after I married you, and it is your intoxicating habits, and nothing else, that has brought me down into the deep vale of poverty."

Adelia took her child out of that cradle just as its head touched the pillow for the first time, clasped it firmly in her arms, and with God's help has always taken good care of it with a true-hearted mother's fidelity, while Lieutenant Jurist has acted the part of a truant husband and father, and has shown but little less compassion for his family than the heathen, who throw their offspring into the Ganges River as an offering for the gods.

Soon after the Libertyville scene had transpired, Lieutenant Jurist went to Deckertown among the hills of old Sussex, got wildly intoxicated, held a riot there, fell down the hotel steps, and kept on falling through the hall, over the piazza, and down the lower flight of hotel steps, till he fell on the street pavement all bruised and mangled, and then, instead of being carried inside of the hotel to receive kind, hospitable treatment, he was carried to the hotel barn, and alarmed the adjoining neighborhood with his terrific midnight cries of *delirium tremens*. In this same town he presented his pistol and threatened to shoot a man for saying "Hurrah for Grant and Colfax."

During the same season Lieutenant Jurist held a riot in

Each day of her illness to me is a loss,
Your presence is dreadful, you cry loud and cross.
You must both earn your living or from me with-
draw,

For I'm an attorney in chancery law."
Too long for him Adelia taught the public school,
Too long her neck had bowed beneath his iron rule.
Alas! in Chrisman's barn, at Deckertown, he laid
A fine Preceptor for the highest Sussex grade.

To furnish a home for his wife and his boy
Took some of his cash and diminished his joy.
Let people all drink and no mortal be fed,
Was the passion that ruled the lawyer's wise head.
Few words of affection, his tares had been sown,
Wild oats in the valley and mountain had grown ;
And now he was reaping a harvest so great,
To gather the sheaves kept him toiling out late.
'Twas long after midnight he often would come
Well freighted with whiskey and rabid with rum,
And handle his pistol and swear to take life,
And drop burning lamps near his child and his wife.

She told him his conduct was breaking her heart,
In riots she never could take any part ;

Colesville, New Jersey, and after the battle, looked as if he had been in a severe contest with wild animals. Again he fell headlong from the high hotel piazza into the street. Never theless, with all his bacchanalian exploits, he was considered "good looking," and went in good society soon as the delirium rabies of baneful alcohol were over. Lieutenant Jurist was the proprietor at this very time (I think) of a *first-grade teacher's certificate*. Where lives an intemperate woman who could procure a first-grade certificate to black a respectable man's boots ?

Her health and her strength were fast failing each day,
His conduct was wasting her life all away.
He must mend his ways or she could not remain,
For he was so cruel when he was insane.
The lawyer was artful, in strategy keen ;
He stroked his dark moustache and looked most
serene.

He knew of a project, and sought for a man,
And paid him five dollars to work on the plan.

A carter with horses, who moved freight away,
He brought to his house on a midsummer day,
To help him unfurnish his whole suite of rooms.
They took off the cook-stove, the bed and the brooms.
There was nothing to eat in his tenement walls.
And famine when threatened the barvest appalls.
'Mid riot and hunger what woman can stand,
When a sword is uplifted in her husband's hand,
All sharpened for murder and ready to fall
At any time summoned by King Alcohol?
The spirits of whiskey were boiling so high,
Adelia must go or Adelia must die.
Toward the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen
He sends off his wife, and he's courting again.
Delilah, the charmer, appears in his sight,
And the Maple Dell blossoms in Luna's pale light.

THE MOUNTAIN EXILES.

ADELIA and her infant child
To a lone mountain were exiled.
Nine changing years of life had fled,
Her mother laid among the dead.

Of her once happy home afar
She thought beneath the evening star.
Within that home her mother's breath
Said "precious Jesus" calm in death.
True faith sustained her parting soul,
Safely she reached the final goal.
Adelia was a wanderer now
Upon the mountain's rugged brow,
Far from her home of childhood's glee,
With sunny days of laughter free,
Where she had spent her happy years.
From there she went to cares and fears
Into a path with unknown guide,
A truant who deceived his bride.
He spent her means for wine and rum,
Sad vintage days for her had come.
She gathered berries that grew wild
To feed herself and little child;
Oft carried him as best she could,
'Mid brush and brambles in the wood.
Through tangled swamp of weed and thorn
She wandered forth a "hope forlorn"
To where the sweetest berries grew,
And spiders and mosquitoes too.
There blackbird, robin, and the jay
Held merry festivals every day.
Unlike fine Jurist, they were good,
To let his family share their food:
The black, the blue, and berries red,
On which the babe was daily fed.
The swamp for him was full of glee,
He feared no snake or stinging bee;
He'd play with everything he saw,
A hornet, snake, or broken straw;

For deadly nightshade or wild-rose
He'd creep through thorns and tear his clothes.

The basket filled with berries blue,
Again the woods they journeyed through,
To reach the cabin damp and low,
That nursery of human woe,
Where painful dregs instead of flowers
Came ere the boy's first natal hours.
Round there she'd waded through the snow;
Had taught the valley school below;
Had been in driving storms to save
The lawyer from a drunkard's grave.
Sad fortunes there had been her lot,
Upon this lone, retired spot.

ADELIA ALONE WITH THE LAWYER'S INFANT.

THE second night of her babe's life,
Deserted was the lawyer's wife;
She heard her infant's mournful cries,
And by them was impelled to rise
Alone to soothe, to feed, and save
Her infant from an early grave.
Her quivering flesh with cold and pain
Was pierced in every nerve and vein.

The lawyer in a distant room
Laid calmly in a drunken swoon,
As stupid as a badger* slept,
Unmindful how his family wept.

* The "dignity of animals," says Franklin, "is in proportion for the care for their young. Those in whom this sentiment

Of them he knew as little then
As wild goose or prairie-hen,
Or pelican that's apt to stray
In the vast wilderness away,
Or owl upon a desert tree
Hooting its midnight "whit-tu-whee."

MISS ALICE COMES.

NEXT night Miss Alice came with balm,
And rubbed the sick with her warm palm.
Beside the bed like angel stood,
She was a lady kind and good ;
She spoke sweet soothing words of cheer,
As the afflicted love to hear.
She tried to smooth the cruel case
With loving words of peace and grace.
" 'Tis now or never," she would say,
" This night your illness must allay.
Sleep if you can, I seldom tire ;
I'll tend your babe and stir the fire.
While health is flowing in my veins
'Tis pleasure to ease others' pains.
I'd rather be within these walls
Than in the grandest festal halls.
I'll rub you long as you can bear ;
You must get well, your babe needs care.

is the highest are the first in the series of living beings. Those in whom it is low come in the second order, and are the last of all in intelligence ;" for example, intoxicated parents ; such as are insensible of their offspring, as snakes and crocodiles.

It is my plan," she mildly said,
"To stand all night beside your bed.
Just sleep, and do not care for me,
Try to forget your agony.
Of my welfare you need not ask,
To rub you is no irksome task ;
Sleep calmly as your infant boy,
And let no troubled dreams annoy ;
Your husband yet may treat you right,
After the darkness comes daylight.
While life remains there still is hope
That erring ones will cease to tope."

"Alice, an angel hovers nigh,
But hope and sleep on pinions fly.
This very night you seem to be
A guardian angel sent to me ;
With soft, warm hands and graceful ease,
You try and try to cure disease.
And such as you deserve a name
Upon the brightest scrolls of fame.
But, Jurist. Oh, alas ! alas !
He's wedded to his drinking-glass.
He cares not for his family,
His mind is fixed on revelry."

THE LAWYER COMES.

SUMMER and autumn passed along,
The winter nights came cold and long.
Time seldom heals a heart made sore,
When sorrow probes it to the core,

Her babe required care and skill,
As other infants always will.

His mother watched him day and night,
His father seldom met his sight.
Months passed, its teething brought on ills,
Sharp pains, hot fevers, and sad chills.
She toiled and fondly did her best
To give it nourishment and rest.
Its clothes were patched, and they were few,
Each day she washed to make them do.
On Sunday laundry business came,
Just as on other days the same.
She was compelled to wash and dry,
And thus her infant's needs supply.

'Twas night, with dark clouds overcast.
Terrific was the winter blast.
The lawyer's wife was weak with pain,
Upon a rack he kept her brain,
Then purchased iron to restore
Her health by means of liquid ore,
To give her strength to bear the smart
Which he inflicted on her heart.

She just had lulled her child to rest,
And it lay sleeping on her breast;
They were upon the only bed,
Under the moss-roof overhead.
Jurist looked fine as monarch high,
Who might own kingdoms far and nigh.
He came in boisterous from the street,
Rabid with whiskey's boiling heat;
The large round oaths were on his tongue,
The broken chairs around were flung;

The burning lamp dropped on the floor
The batter smeared the wall and door ;
The dining-table lost a leaf,
Chaos reigned in that house of grief.

The babe was startled in affright,
It screamed and held its mother tight,
And then into convulsions went.
Jurist knew not of this event :
His war-dance echoed through the room,
Until he sank in drunken swoon.
Adelia bathed her child and prayed
It might survive the midnight raid.
She wrapped her garments round its form,
And rubbed it till its limbs were warm.
All night upon a broken chair
She sat, and with maternal care
She held the infant in her arms,
And they both trembled with alarms.
It was a long and dreary night,
The lawyer's senses were locked tight.
Poor flexile creature, deaf and dumb,
While others suffered from his rum,
He occupied the only bed.
His alcoholic fumes were spread ;
His limbs were flimsy as old cloth,
And from his mouth came lager froth.
Adelia, suffering, sick, and faint,
With no one near to make complaint,
While vinous fermentation spread
Its noxious gases from the bed.
A beer vat of carbonic gas
Her husband was, alas ! alas !
And chemists say, Beware ! beware !
For poison is the beer-vat's air :

Inhale its acid with your breath
Never, for it is fraught with death.
'Tis hard when mothers must inspire
Such poison by a household fire,
Where love and truth and peace should blend,
To make home happy for each friend.
Alas! such nights of agony
Are caused by each distillery:
Where happy homes should thrive and stand,
Rum desecrates and blights the land.

THE LAWYER CONTINUES TO IMBIBE.

THE lawyer drank the flowing bowl
To harden feelings of his soul:
His wife and child were on the town.
The boy, wrapped in her Sunday gown,
She called her little snow-bird brown.
To the almshouse they might have gone,
But the poor master's wife came on,
And carried loads of milk and food
Where the old mountain cabin stood.
Each week she brought a good supply,
And told the boy, "You must not die,
But you must eat and grow and thrive,
And for good habits always strive.
You'll be a man some future day,
For you were born in merry May.
Beneath the genial friendly rays
Of Hope's bright star that shone those days,
And filled your mother's soul with light,
And pictured wrongs all coming right,

She thought your sire about to be
A man of strict integrity.
Your mother loves you, so do I,
I'll help her sing your lullaby.
There's kindness in this cold world yet,
The star of mercy has not set."

No father came to keep him safe,
Poor, sickly, helpless, squalling waif.
Little epitome of man,
In dreary times its life began.
Through measles and the whooping-cough,
Through lung-disease, that plagued it oft,
Through scarlet fever, croup, and chills,
Its mother tended all its ills,
And nursed him with a tender care,
Until the boy grew strong and fair,—
A pensive-looking, busy youth,
Awake to scenes of right and truth.

THE LAWYER'S FATHER LAMENTS.

IN the mean time the lawyer drank,
Broke a large window in the bank,
Cut his strong wrist almost in twain,
Severed his golden watch and chain.
Policemen carried him to jail,
His father would not pay the bail.
He said that Binghamton might keep
In her lock-up the wayward sheep;
He would leave racks of well-filled hay,
In dungeon walls for once might stay;

He would leave pastures fresh and green,
He had good sense but would act mean.
"I did not bring him up just right,
But selling whiskey is polite
As any other honest trade
By which a livelihood is made.
I did not learn him to transgress,
And curse the ones he ought to bless.
He was a bright and comely lad,
Liquor medicinal he had.
Money on him I freely spent,
And now he'd take my every cent.
His calls for money never cease,
He never gives me any peace.
For me he has no filial thought,
His love, like whiskey, must be bought.
He is no staff for my old age,
His conduct puts me in a rage.
My sands of life are almost run,
I see no comfort with my son.
Beneath my own fig-tree and vine
In peace I never can recline.
He fills my heart with keenest pain,
In Binghamton he may remain.
Alas! when parents fail to see
Comfort with their own progeny."

Adelia wandered with her child
Upon the mountain bleak and wild;
For Jurist she had plead and plead
To have a musket spare his head.
Since then he'd fixed a gulf between
Herself and his imprisoned scene.
She needed fuel, food, and sleep,
Her path was intricate and steep.

Her babe demanded all her care,
 Lest like its infant sister fair
 It too should suffer, pine, and die,
 And neath the weeping willow lie.

THE COURT OF LOVE.

SOCIETY of beau monde kind
 He was her ornament. She pined :
 Some one unbarred the prison-door.
 The lawyer was a man of lore ;
 A smaller city miles away
 Needed his practice every day.
 Bring forth an easy counsel chair,
 The royal purple robes prepare,
 Make ready a sumptuous feast,
 Invite the greatest, not the least.
 His wife and child must not be seen
 Among the ribbons blue and green ;
 He made them paupers too much bowed
 To jostle there among the crowd.
 Leave them in any cabin low,
 For he is called a "splendid beau,"
 Where fairies caper left and right,
 Like moths around a candle-light.

Society throw wide your door,
 Let gas-lights now on beauty pour,
 On satin, silk, and cloth of gold.
 Festals for Jurist gayly hold ;
 Bring forth your wine and brisk champagne
 To fill your finest porcelain ;

Let all your gold and silverware
Be filled with viands rich and rare ;
Bring in the fairest of the fair
The festals scenes to gayly share ;
Bring Vesta in her best attire,
With vestals six, and sacred fire ;
Bring Themis with her laws profound,
And laurels fresh to have him crowned ;
Bring in Diana with her hounds
To keep his paupers off the grounds.
His creditors are poorly dressed,
Their fare is coarse, he took their best.
In mountain cabins let them stay,
On beds of straw or bunks of hay.
He cares not where they live or die,
For him the flowing bowl fill high.

Bring in Delilah, gay and fair,
With scissors to cut off his hair ;
With diamonds on her soft white hand,
By her the lawyer would be fanned.
His wounded arm was in a sling,
A palm-leaf could not graceful swing ;
He pounded crystal with his fist,
And the bank-window cut his wrist.
He was so far gone o'er the bay*
He thought his rival he would slay.
He made a very sad mistake :
A savings-bank would never take
Delilah from the Maple Dell.
But on the bank his vengeance fell.
It was a pugilistic feat,
He suffered in the battle's heat.

* Whiskey Bay.

Implore the gods to kindly spare
For him their best ambrosial fare,
While Cupid plays upon his lyre,
And Delilah's eyes inspire
Arch Cupid with a loving theme,
The honeymoon's alluring gleam.

COURTING IN THE MAPLE DELL.

A GAY new love he'd sought and found,
For her he showed respect profound.
He led her to a nice alcove
Within a pretty maple grove.
Her jewelled hand within his own
He placed, and spoke in silvery tone,
"From hat and bonnet we'll be free,
They're safe up in the maple-tree.
Delilah, you're a sorceress,
Your fascinating smiles confess.
Why have you led me to this bower?
I am a captive in your power.
Most beautiful you skate and swim,
There's agile grace in every limb;
You're like the fleetest horse or hound,
Winning all admiration 'round.
So gayly you dance o'er the earth
You must be of Titanic birth;
Themis and you must surely be
Of the same consanguinity."

"Lieutenant Jurist, can it be
That you descend to flattery,

And come down from your native sky
To raise my expectations high ?
There's melody in all your speech,
A loving lesson to me teach ;
In all the works of ancient lore
Who was the bravest troubadour ?”

“ You look like Venus on her throne,
For you fair roses are half blown.
Here is the choicest sweet bouquet
My taste and fingers could array.
I searched the green-house through and through
For this emblem of love for you.
Here's pink for all the heart can keep
Of love in its pure fountain deep ;
Here's myrtle and its sprigs of green
To crown you for a loving queen ;
Here's damask and the sweet red rose,
Each your superior merit shows ;
Here's snow-ball, see its clusters fair,
With these, your virtues well compare ;
And here's the little violet blue,
Modest and faithful, just like you.
The rose geranium and foxglove
Show my ambition for your love.
In all the works of modern lore,
You have the bravest troubadour.”

“ Jurist, your teaching I respect ;
Indeed, your school is most select,
To bring so many balmy flowers,
To classify in evening hours.
I thank you for this floral boon,—
Come, sing to me your favorite tune.”

"Delilah, here's the time and place
To hold a council o'er our case ;
The full-orbed moon shines nice and bright,
Pours on the world its silver light ;
The fountains fling their shining spray,
The nightingale pours forth its lay ;
The golden fruit hangs on the trees,
Refreshing is the balmy breeze ;
The vines are waving in the air,
Among ten thousand you're most fair.
My name to yours will you affix ?
You are the belle of '76."

"Thank you, dear Jurist, you are kind,
For me the choicest gifts you find
That gold or silver can procure,
And such a friend is good, I'm sure.
Dear Jurist, will you soon be free
From your law-partner Adelia ?
I fear that round you she will twine,
Close as a parasitic vine
That clings around a noble tree,
And shrouds it in pale drapery.
Is there a chance that she'll annoy
Our tranquil hopes of perfect joy ?
No doubt ten thousand gifts and one
She'll ask you for herself and son.
You are too good for her by far,
You are a brilliant legal star."

"Delilah, let no fears arise
To dim the lustre of your eyes ;
Your red-silk flag hangs on my lance,
'Tis yours no other charms enhance.

With flowers I'll deck your glossy hair ;
This ring is for your finger fair ;
Upon your snowy neck I'll place
The diamonds and rich Brussels lace ;
I'll clasp a bracelet on your wrist ;
Your charms I never can resist :
They captivate my heart and brain,
And fill me with ecstatic pain.
The moonlight shines on you and me,
Delilah, I will soon be free."

" Jurist, your accents always please,
Your manners are of graceful ease ;
The best of girls proclaim your praise,
And talk about your genial ways ;
At least there are a dozen score
Who want you for their troubadour.
Now promise 'neath the maple-leaves
To never get in love with these."

" Delilah, your fine liquid eyes
Will always charm the great and wise ;
Yours are the handsome bust and neck
That gifted artists love to deck ;
Your dazzling arms are round and fair,
With them your little hands compare.
All graces of the female kind
In you are happily combined ;
Your wreath hangs on the orange-tree,
Delilah, I will soon be free."

" Dear Jurist, you should get divorce,
Adelia took a wayward course.
With her no lawyer could reside,
She'd drive him to a suicide.

His gifted mind of polished lore
She'd think was rusty iron ore;
His choicest gifts could not inspire
To charm her with a golden lyre;
His worth she'd always underrate;
Her mind moves in a narrow strait,
Where stupid mortals never feel
An enterprising high-bred zeal.
To your perfections she was blind,
How could you live with such a mind,
While nightingales and thrushes swell
Their love-notes in the Maple Dell?"

"Delilah, here's your marriage-ring;
Love-notes to you I'll always sing,
As sweetly as the dying swan
Vespers at eve and early dawn.
Faithful as ringdove to its mate
Upon you I will ever wait;
At parties, operas, and balls,
At popular reception calls,
You'll always find me at your side,
And you will be an honored bride;
Lawyers and orators will be
Fond of your charming company."

"How soon can you procure divorce?
Adelia will oppose, of course;
No doubt she knows enough for that,
And has an organ for combat.
Had she the gift of common sense
She'd never ask you for one pence;
She let her soul for once expand
And grant divorce with willing hand,

And never think or try to claim
An interest in your heart or name.
A wife like her should never yearn
To have a soul like yours return ;
So great is the disparity,
Reunion could not happy be ;
You are so noble and refined,
While degradation chains her mind.
My name to yours I will prefix,
Bright legal star of '76."

"Delilah, with you I agree,
You are my true affinity.
Affectionate, sweet little miss,
Come to my arms and get a kiss ;
My heart is happy when it sips
The nectar from your ruby lips.
You have good sense to estimate.
I'll sing to you, my precious mate,
A lawyer's most pathetic tune,—
Of true love and the honeymoon."

THE LAWYER'S VESPEREE IN THE
MAPLE DELL.

"Love for the time is coming,
Love through the evening hours,
Love while the dew is sparkling
Upon the smiling flowers.
Love makes the soul grow brighter ;
Love is the social sun,
That shines on true affection,
And seals two hearts in one.

"Love for the time is coming,
And it will be here soon ;
When wedded we'll be loving
Beneath the honeymoon.
Give every heart pulsation,
Some love to keep in store,
For happy days are coming,
Fair lady I adore.

"Love for the time is coming ;
No clients here for spies ;
Life's lamp is brightly burning,
My heart is tender sighs ;
Love till the last beam fadeth
Upon the moonlit shore ;
Happy will be our nuptials,
Fair lady I adore."

DELILAH'S VESPEREE IN THE MAPLE DELL.

"JURIST, true love will prevail :
I'm ready for my bridal veil,
And the diamonds for my hair,
Of first water, sparkling, fair ;
Forty yards of satin white
Will make a trailing dress all right.
Ample for me you'll provide,
I'm so happy at your side ;
Ready for my bridal wreath,
And all treasures you'll bequeath.

Yes, I love you, Jurist dear,
Brightest seraph on this sphere;
Such graceful ways and brilliant mind!
You are the noblest of mankind.
I love you more than tongue can tell,
When moonlight fills the Maple Dell."

"Here's money: buy a bridal veil;
Here's money for a satin trail;
Here's money: get the diamonds fair,
To lay amid your silken hair."
She blushed and smiled, vermilion hue,
Informed him she was gay and true.
"Alone with you I'm always blest,"
He said; "but we must join the rest
Around the social festal board,—
Our absence they cannot afford.
The honorables are out to-night,
And make a grand, imposing sight.
The rich, the witty, great, and wise,
All covet thee, my darling prize.
They loiter near thee, and would stay;
They sigh, I bear the palm away.
They're jealous o'er my lady's charms;
I'll have to lock you in my arms.
Come with me to the festal hall,
And leave me not, I'm strong and tall.
One lover is enough to clasp;
A queen* had more than sought an asp.
You must be of Cornelia's mien,
And not like Egypt's graceful queen.
Our nuptial day we soon will fix,
You are the belle of '76."

* Cleopatra.

"Jurist, you need not moralize,—
Your charms content my heart and eyes.
My name to yours haste and prefix,
Bright legal star of '76."

"After the viands and the play,
I'll stay with you till dawn of day,
And court by jurisdiction laws.
My wife left me without a cause ;
Nothing against me can she lay.
She took my boy and fled away,—
The law will not impede my course.
She went to grass. I'll have divorce.
Her black snake eyes no more can charm ;
She'll never do you any harm ;
She'll burn no phosphor in your face ;
Your beauty she will not deface.
You wear a sweet, angelic smile,
That soothes my spirit all the while ;
Your wreath hangs on the orange-tree ;
Delilah, I will soon be free."

The party was a grand success,
Delilah smiles and loveliness,—
Fine lady with her charming beau,
He's grand as prince of seraglio ;
He need not wave a magic wand :
He's centre of a mirthful band.
They gaze upon the legal star,
And on Delilah's fine guitar ;
The *bon ton* guests delighted hark,
While he sings, gay as meadow-lark,
Solo, duet, and merry glees.
They gather round him thick as bees

That swarm upon the clover-tops
To get transparent honey-drops.
His raiment is from *la belle* France,
His armor is a burnished lance ;
It is a keen Damascus blade,
To keep his family in the shade
Of the lone mountain woods from sight,
Far from gay festal scenes of light.
While *creme de la creme* laugh
Over the alcohol they quaff,
Around the merry festal board,
Where wine for every guest is poured.

THE FREEMASON LODGE.

WHAT if fine Jurist did explore
The temples of Masonic lore,
Not by their precepts or their square
Did his proceedings measure fair.
The Warren Lodge of F. A. M.
Suspended him for owing them.
Delilah needed all his dues
For bridal veil and white kid shoes.
While he moved graceful in charades,
Where they admit no renegades
To fascinate young eyes and ears
Beneath the brilliant chandeliers,
Where only gifted ones can be,
Amid beau monde society,
You scarce could find a sprucer beau
From pine-clad Maine to Mexico.

King Metse* has three hundred wives,
The lawyer too would pluralize.
Goes with Delilah from the feast,
And courts till dawn comes in the east;
About to leave her for one day,
He sings this loving roundelay.

THE LAWYER'S MATINEE IN THE
MAPLE DELL.

"DELILAH, 'tis near break of day,
From you I must haste away;
While the world around is dark,
I must go before the lark
Sings his matin to his mate;
In the court-room clients wait.
You will be my bonny bride,
Then our time we need not bide.
Meet me in the Maple Dell.
Delilah, darling, fare thee well.

"Haste, oh, haste, the close of day!
Meet me, love, in white array.
To the woodland's safe retreat
Hasten with your little feet;
Where the floods of moonlight pour
I will teach you love's best lore.
Delilah, I will surely be
With the nightingales and thee.
Meet me in the Maple Dell.
Delilah, darling, fare thee well."

* An African monarch.

DELILAH'S MATINEE IN THE MAPLE
DELL.

"JURIST, I will surely come ;
Haste this day its course to run.
Jurist, I would go through fire
Serenaded by your lyre.
Pleasures of fond memory dwell
Where moonlight fills the Maple Dell.
'Tis here the nightingales repose,
And honey-dew sip from the rose.
Jurist, will you soon be free
To enjoy sweet liberty ?
Then we need not say farewell
Ere morning lights the Maple Dell.

"Jurist, 'neath the maple-tree
At gray dawn I'll surely be,
In the purest snowy white,
To meet favor in your sight.
Swiftly may this day decline ;
I am yours and you are mine.
As the bridegroom meets his bride
Will you hasten to my side ?
Absent for one day apart,
Keep my memory in your heart,
Till the music of the spheres
In the woodland charms our ears.
Jurist, darling, fare thee well,
Meet me in the Maple Dell."

'Tis morn, the lawyer cannot stay,
His clients need him through the day.
On mountain-tops come streaks of light,
The last pale star fades out of sight ;

The birds begin to serenade,
The lovers leave the maple shade,
With faithful promises to meet
At eve within that loved retreat,
Where Cupid makes intrepid raids,
When daylight into darkness fades.

ADELIA WRITES TO HER HUSBAND.

"JURIST, an epidemic drear
Among the children rages here.
Malignant fever taints the air,
Death's angel takes the young and fair.
There's sorrow on each mother's brow,
Like Rachel,* they are weeping now.
The hearse stands near each mountain door,
The bell tolls daily. I implore
You to return my money quick.
I'm near the dying and the sick,
For lack of food I daily fast;
My rations to your child are passed;
He soon may lie among the dead.
Return my funds to buy us bread.
Fuel and food are scarce and dear,
My school is closed, the world looks drear."

JURIST WRITES TO HIS WIFE.

"ADELIA, tell me not of grief,
Nothing have I for your relief.
I'll not support you, for I swear
'Twould be an endless long affair.

* Rachel in time of Herod's massacre.

- I have no interest in your pen,
To me you need not write again.
Yours no more,
LIEUTENANT JURIST,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law."
-

ADELIA PRAYS.

"GREAT God, whose eyes run to and fro
Throughout the whole of earth below,
Oh, turn to me Thy loving face!
Oh, fill my heart with peace and grace!
Oh, never let me starve and freeze
In presence of my enemies!
Before them let me not be bowed.
Oh, lift my mind above the cloud!
Give health and blessings every day;
Oh, help me tread the narrow way
That leads to realms of endless bliss,
Beyond the futile joys of this!*"
Oh, spare my child! and let him be
A faithful follower of Thee.
Great God! protect and help each one
Who works for temperance 'neath the sun,
Till all our youth can safely stand
In danger of no murderous band."
Such was Adelia's fervent prayer
Amid the pestilential air.

* This world.

COURTING IN THE MAPLE DELL CONTINUES.

ANOTHER day its course has run,
Beyond the western hills the sun.
Delilah comes ere daylight fades,
Her head adorned with curls and braids.
She's dressed in raiment fine and white
To meet her handsome stalwart knight.
He does not come, her heart-strings quake
Lest he's away for some one's sake.
The Maple Dell she views through tears,
She wrings her hands and screams with fears;
She cries, till all the hills resound,
"Oh, Jurist, where can you be found?
Oh, Jurist, hasten to this place,
And cheer me with your smiling face!
I thought that you were true to me:
Where now is your fidelity?
Oh, Jurist, come, or I shall die,
And 'neath the maple branches lie!
The mist of death is on my brow,
An iceberg is my young heart now.
Your absence kills me, Jurist dear,
Why am I left to perish here?
Alone I die, for you have fled.
Oh, come and see your murdered dead!
I'm dying in the woodland dell;
Jurist, thou traitor, fare thee well!"
She poured out plaintive notes of woe
To call her fascinating beau,
Till all the wood such echoes gave,
Each tree with anguish seemed to rave.

The wild birds startle in affright,
For them she makes a hideous night:
As if a wounded panther growled,
Or deep-mouthed watch-dog barked and howled.

Jurist comes running in the dell,
Calling, "Delilah, all is well!
Soon as I heard you call to me
I ran and left my company.
I leaped the ring-fence with one bound,
My feet chased o'er the meadow ground;
And then again I heard you cry,
And faster ran,—no thread is dry;
Sweat streams from every nerve and pore.
I've come to teach you love's best lore.
I've acted no deceiver's part,
Look at my palpitating heart.
Leander swam across the sea,
I'd swim the Hellespont for thee."

His voice has banished all her gloom,
No more she sees a living tomb.
She springs upon her nimble feet,
With outstretched arms she runs to meet
Her cavalier, and asks him why
He tarried till the moon rose high,
And left her in the woods alone
To mourn his absence, weep and groan,
After he sang love's matinee
That morning 'neath the maple-tree.
And then into another swoon
She sank beneath the silver moon,
Just for an agonizing test,
To learn whom Jurist did love best.

It seems a dangerous quick relapse,
Rigid her limbs, she'll die perhaps.
The woods are far from an M.D.,
He sighs for Orpheus' melody.
Her life he wishes to prolong,
And tries the healing art of song.

THE LAWYER'S VESPEREE IN THE
MAPLE DELL.

"DELILAH, you're my precious dear,
I'll kiss away each crystal tear;
No cause for you to weep and swoon,
I'm with you 'neath the silver moon,
To gaze upon a world of light;
The stars above are shining bright.
Fair Luna pours her silver rays,
And lustrous Venus is ablaze.
Through waving fields of corn and grass
I ran to meet my bonny lass.
Leander swam across the sea,
I'd dive in ocean caves for thee;
Fond lyre, in softest accents tell,
My heart is in the Maple Dell.

"Oh, die not, sweet lady, or my heart will break!
Delilah! Delilah! oh, live for my sake!

"Delilah, 'neath the silver moon
True love keeps my lyre in tune;
The wakeful nightingale makes love,
The red-breast robin woos the dove;

The wanton lapwing shows his crest
To win the partner he loves best.
True as the magnet to the pole,
'Tis you that draws my heart and soul ;
You are the star on which I gaze,
And feel its pure magnetic rays.
These of my being form a part,
And paint your image on my heart.
Fond lyre, in softest accents tell
My heart is in the Maple Dell.

"Oh, die not, sweet lady, or my heart will break!
Delilah ! Delilah ! oh, live for my sake !"

Song was the needed charming pills ;
No worse for her love swooning ills.
She jumps up like a wild gazelle,
And on a foot-race could run well.
She's ready to traverse each part,
Each recess of the lawyer's heart.
His every note has reached her ears,
And in his eyes she saw big tears.
Yet stronger proof she would obtain
To link in love's nocturnal chain,
And questions Jurist, "At what bar
Did you perceive a rising star ?
Oh, tell me why you stayed so long !
The cause I find not in your song."

"I met Miss Julia on my way ;
She gave me this superb bouquet :
Camellias of the richest hues,—
Her gift I could not well refuse.
The mystic passion-flower she gave,
Devotions on its tendrils wave ;

The heliotrope and tuberose
Breathe clouds of perfume,—seek repose.
My dear, fear naught, the sage is bright,
And all this artemisia white,
That came from Julia's soft, chaste hand,
Are yours, and I'm at your command.
Cease weeping, my Delilah dear,
And banish every jealous fear.
Fair Julia has a banquet-hall:
She's one on whom I sometimes call.
I'm summoned to her wine-filled board,
While I'm your own predestined lord.
The moonlight shines on you and me,
Delilah, I will soon be free."

"Oh, tell me why you stayed so long!
My heart needs more than flowers and song."

"I'm looking after a divorce;
This business caused delay, of course.
My counsel called and made me talk,—
I trembled lest an owl or hawk
Should scare you from the Maple Dell,—
My case to him I had to tell.
He has an honored, worthy name,
He bears an honest legal fame.
He is a man of sterling sense
Who does not waste his eloquence.
From first to last he viewed my case,
Its features he could clearly trace;
He gleans the facts and links a chain
With truth so firm it must remain.
He lives upon the Keystone shore,
He is well-read in legal lore.

Milford will spread our sails all right :
We'll sail upon smooth waters bright.
The moonlight shines on you and me,
Delilah, I will soon be free."

"Dear Jurist, news like this is good,
For me 'tis health and drink and food.
Speak on, and more of it repeat,
While flowers exhale their fragrance sweet."

"Soon as the silken band is tied
And by the law you're made my bride,
We'll go to Fairmount Park and see
Our nation hold its jubilee.
We'll wear nice clothes and finely fix
To see the belles of '76.
We'll board inside the best hotel,
Where waiters will attend us well ;
Where clever landlords can afford
To give their guests the best of board.
And ample parlors, with gas-light,
Clean beds and bath-rooms, warm and bright.
We'll have the comforts of home life
Soon as you can become my wife."

"Dear Jurist, you're the very one
To plan and have good works well done.
Such blissful tidings make my heart
Of joy the very counterpart.
My life is all felicity,
The wonders of the world I'll see."

"Adelia must be wrapped in gloom,
With sable hung her only room.

But she's illiterate, and may be
Content with low-bred company.
She is an antiquated dame,
In no one's heart could raise a flame ;
She cannot shine like you, and fix
To see the belles of '76.
Your mind can fully comprehend
All wisdom that the world can send
To Fairmount Park from every zone.
You're mine. No man should live alone ;
Within the park no other prize
Like your dear self can charm my eyes.
We'll rest amid the shade and flowers,
We'll linger in the classic bowers ;
I'll get a man to wheel your chair,
And have him take you everywhere ;
And I will walk close by your side
And guard you well, my precious bride.
The North and South, the East and West,
Must treat you as their honored guest.
Amid the crowd where people meet,
They must not tread upon your feet ;
They must not soil your satin trail,
They must not touch your bridal veil.
We'll make a long delightful call
Inside each Exhibition hall ;
And then we'll view the scenes outside ;
And as you like we'll walk or ride,
Where nature, art, and beauty meet,
To make the old grand park complete.
Its hills and ravines we will see,
The ash, oak, elm, and linden-tree.
We'll promenade on George's Hill,
We'll sail upon the fine Schuylkill,

Soon as the harvest moonlight gleams
On Philadelphia's parks and streams.

"The moon withdraws her silver light,
The stars are fading out of sight ;
Venus has gone beyond the hills,
The nightingale with rapture fills
The Maple Dell with happy song,
And swiftly has the night sped on.
There is no other grove like this,
Fair region of ecstatic bliss ;
And yet, we soon must say farewell,
Ere morning lights the Maple Dell."

"Dear Jurist, time moves on too fleet,
Around this charming rustic seat,
Encircled by the choicest vines,
Where the honeysuckle twines,
And climbing roses interlace
The woodbines in this floral place.
When stars fade in yon dome of blue,
When they are hiding from our view,
Will Venus signal your retreat
After the Milford judges meet ?
Will not the Court of Common Pleas
Grant sunshine in the morning breeze ?
Our love is noble, pure, and high,
Forever I would have you nigh ;
And yet you always say farewell
Ere morning lights the Maple Dell."

"Delilah, time will soon reveal
The whole, and consummate your weal.
I'll take you to your native hall,
Across the river I must call.

Excelsior did not set me free,
A Keystone lawyer I must see ;
A milder clime than highland air
Is found along the Delaware.
And yet my case may take some skill
To make Adelia sign my bill.
My counsel says we'll have defeat,
Unless Adelia will retreat.
But such restrictions I will place,
That she will dare not show her face.
A statement she must never make,
Or from her Eddie I shall take.
But for me have no boding fears,
Be happy ! She can shed the tears.
Her own death-warrant she would sign
Much sooner than my boy resign.
My darling, we will surely wed
Before the autumn leaves turn red.
Here's money ; buy nice things, and fix
To see the belles of '76."

THE COURT OF JUSTICE.

THE lawyer sues for a divorce,
To Pennsylvania takes his course ;
To Milford, on the Delaware,
Amid the mountains' bracing air,
Where city people yearly go,
"Where lilies burst and roses blow."
It is Pike County's honored seat,
Where noble literati meet ;
It's shaded by the mountain trees,
And has their healthful, cooling breeze.

It's gifted with romantic views
Enough to charm away the blues;
It is a healthy, fine resort
For troubled minds as any port.
The lawyer sought this thriving town
To help him reach a fair renown;
Doubtless it has a whiskey-fount
Between the river and the mount.
He gets a long subpoena grand,
With names official ably manned;
Goes to the Court of Common Pleas,
And prays this Court to give him ease.

"Wise Court, remove my galling yoke,"
He says; "it's tight, and makes me choke;
I have night-sweats and painful cramps,
My lungs are filled with choking damp.
Adelia left me without cause,
Will you protect me by your laws?
Of her intrigues I cannot tell,
Except where secrets safely dwell;
Amid the honeysuckle vines,
Where the woodbine closely twines.
My case Excelsior would not try,
Except upon a glacier high.
Give Adelia fits of mania,
Ring the bells in Pennsylvania.

"Hail, liberal-hearted Keystone State!
I'm dying for a handsome mate,
Excelsior, with her lofty pride,
Will seldom wedded pairs divide.
She will not listen to my woe,
She'd rather soar where condors go.

My heavy yoke is hard to bear,
It often makes me drink and swear.
Oh, Penn, have mercy ! set me free
From clanking chains of slavery.
Give Adelia fits of mania,
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania.

“ Hail, Pennsylvania, land of joy !
Farewell, first wife and dark-eyed boy !
You'll be divorced, poor homely things !
Go, live upon grasshoppers' wings.
A Rocky Mountain locust stew
Will make a savory dish for you ;
Where these ' prairie eagles' * fly,
Go find a home. Good-by ! good-by !
Go West, and for yourselves provide,
Delilah is my joy and pride ;
Before another year is born
We'll usher in my wedding-morn.
Hymen, Cupid, do not tarry,
Marry ! marry ! marry ! marry !
Give Adelia fits of mania,
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania.”

JURIST VS. ADELIA.

“ ADELIA, seal your lips,” he swore,
“ Or Eddie is your boy no more ;
Divorce I'll have, or seize on it
With a habeas corpus writ.

* The grasshoppers.

You left me: I will have divorce!
The law will favor my just course.
Adelia, on the burning stake
Lie quiet, and no statement make.
'Tis yours to bear the lash and thong,
My deeds were right and yours were wrong;
All doctors in the Empire State
Cannot avert your dismal fate.
You might as well corrosive take
As call on them a balm to make.
Your friend took this: it cured her pains,
Why thrust they morphine in your veins?
She bravely made her anguish brief:
Corrosive sublimate drowns grief.
Her youthful life was mixed with pain,
Like her relieve your heart and brain.
I'll buy your coffin and your shroud,
And mourners pay to weep aloud;
Their streaming eyes shall moisten well
The copious leaves of immortelle.
A handsome hearse with sable plume
Will slowly take you to the tomb;
I'll raise a marble tablet high,
To win the gaze of passers-by.
I will not listen to your case,
Toward Nebraska turn your face.
To you this is my last request:
Sign my divorce bill and go West,
Or with you Eddie shall not stay:
You are unfit to guide his way.
For such as you there is no shield,
Divorce or Eddie you shall yield;
Beneath the yoke your head must pass,
Go to the mountain, browse on grass.

You need not weep, turn pale, and swoon,
You might as well implore the moon ;
For you I shall provide no more,
I am Delilah's troubadour.
Adelia, poor, demented thing,
The Pennsylvania bells will ring.
Go to a mad-house, quickly go,
I am Delilah's favorite beau ;
With her I'll roam through classic halls
While you are in asylum walls.
In costly raiment she can fix,
She is the belle of '76.

" Divorce ! divorce !" he loudly cried,
Till mountain echoes all replied ;
The lofty hills, the rocks, and plains
Responded to the lawyer's claims.
Along the vale the echoes ring :
Adelia, poor, demented thing !
Give Adelia fits of mania,
Ring the bells of Pennsylvania.

A SUBPCENA IN DIVORCE.

ATTENTIVE was the Court to hear,
And wrote, Adelia must appear ;
She must be there on such a day,
For no cause must she stay away.
She must leave all her work and come,
And matrimony's items sum,
And tell about the maple-trees
Before the Court of Common Pleas.

She said she could not pay the fare
To reach the sparkling Delaware;
From Jersey's cabin to the shore
Measured a dozen miles or more.
And some leagues of the distance lay
Straight through a dismal forest way,
Where the lone mountain legends tell
The fierce banditti often dwell.
But virtue to her was so dear,
Before the Court she would appear;
She'd try her strength of nerve and bone
To tread the wilderness alone.
Too long her cruel truant lord
Had careless handled gun and sword.
She would prepare her evidence,
And promptly make a just defence.
"How did he treat you?" said the Court;
"Adelia, give a true report.
By us you shall be fairly lawed.
Penn's jurors are not men of fraud;
The virtues of immortal Penn
Survive in Pennsylvania men."

ADELIA'S STATEMENT.

SHE clasped her babe close to her breast,
And for the Court these deeds confessed:
"Subpœnaed by the honored Court,
I'll try to give a good report.
To me his best love-songs were sung,
Where the cornucopia hung
Beneath a sunny sky of blue,
Where loving friends were kind and true.

On me he gazed with charming eyes,
His lungs breathed deep, persuasive sighs.
His hair was dark as raven's wing,
My heart rejoiced to hear him sing.
He was a very faithful beau,
He came through storms of rain and snow."
When the dark tempest loudly blew,
And snow and hail-stones wildly flew;
When floods of rain came pouring down,
And threatened to destroy the town,
Jurist, undaunted, would appear.
No bursting cloud or whirlwind drear
Could keep him from Adelia's side
While suing her to be his bride.
He nightly tuned his loving lyre,
Singing beside her mother's fire.
Melodious were his courting days,
His mouth was filled with notes of praise.
He married her and took her purse,
And now commands her to rehearse.
Her money he has freely spent;
He left her and took every cent.
He is a traitor, sworn untrue,
Adelia should for justice sue.
He tells you that she left her lord,
The causes he does not record.
This is the passport that he gave:
"Go to the mountain or the grave."
She is the one that suffered long,
Jurist inflicted cruel wrong.
Not e'en the courts of wisest men
Can change his wrong to right again.
There is a Judge in highest heaven
Knows how her earthly hopes were riven.

The lawyer made his sire insane ;
She hopes the Court is more humane
Over this mercenary plan
Of wood nymph and a married man,
Who want Adelia to be mute ;
Who want to get a lover's lute ;
Who want the Court to say all's well,
Bring flowers and deck yon Maple Dell.
Please have him bear the whole expense
Of law through past and future tense.
She never broke the marriage vow,
Defend the family honor now.
Be brave as Brutus,* do not spare
One traitor on the Delaware.
The truant deer and swift gazelle
Have bounded through the Maple Dell.

Faithful in courtship years ago,
He seemed a very honest beau.
He said he'd been a tourist brave ;
Had sailed upon Atlantic's wave ;
Had roved the world when but a child ;
By vice had never been beguiled.
A hero of exploits was he,
Hair-breadth escapes told fluently,
Of how his life was on the verge
Of death and he would safe emerge.
In dangers had been swift to save
His comrades from an early grave.
When burglars came at dead of night,
His pistol always pointed right.

* Brutus, the brave and patriotic Roman Consul, who condemned two of his own sons to be beheaded in his presence for their evil conduct.

'Mid fire or flood or human foes
He was the man whose courage rose.
He'd been in mines and dug the ore
On California's golden shore.
Of one exploit he did not tell:
Delilah in the Maple Dell.

His promises looked fair and high
As rainbow colors in the sky.
He said, "I will be good and true,
Yes, loyal unto death to you.
I'll never make you stay alone
In this or any other zone.
The temperance pledge for you I'll sign;
Adelia, darling, come be mine.
If you refract love's* solar rays,
Wretched will end my hopeful days;
If on me you refuse to smile,
I'll die upon a foreign isle.
Most loyal unto death to thee,
My bride will you consent to be?"
She thought his love so good and pure,
'Twould last while moon and stars endure;
She did not think he'd toll its knell,
And make her in a cabin dwell.

Most fervent were his common pleas
To warm her heart and not to freeze.
He plead, "Oh, do not tarry long!
Adelia, listen to my song:
Haste to our marriage, haste, oh, haste!
Oh, come, Adelia, loved and chaste!

* Love is called "the sun of the social system."

Adelia, why so long delay?
No more defer our marriage day.
Come to the altar, peerless bride,
And let the Gordian knot be tied."
Her love for him was pure and whole,
He was the idol of her soul.
His marriage was a brief reform,
Then he resumed his whiskey storm;
He acted a deceiver's part,
Alas! he had a treacherous heart.
And now he wants her last farewell,
On parchment, in the Maple Dell.

Had she said, "Jurist, disappear,"
She would not be subpoenaed here.
Had she said, "Jurist, straightly speed,
My mother's voice, not yours, I'll heed;
With you I shall not wed and roam,"
To-day she'd have her purse and home.
And now he'd let her starve and die
In any hovel 'neath the sky;
The raffled trash, and such as he
Could get on trust, her food would be.
Sometimes it was a putrid waste,
No chemist could restore its taste.
From mouldy wheat she could not bake
Good bread or nice soft ginger-cake;
From a beef's neck she could not fry
Or broil nice steak when she would try.
In fruit all sickly with decay,
Nectareous virtues would not stay.

His home he made a red-hot hell,
And said in it she should not dwell.

When whiskey fired his brain he swore
He'd take her life, he raved and tore.
He took her money, sapped her life,
Tries to make her a perjured wife.
And the sworn traitor wishes you
To think that he was good and true.
While finely dressed her brave liege lord,
She looked upon her scanty board ;
And her own hunger has denied
Until she saw his child supplied,
While he prays you his bonds to ease,
Let not his family starve and freeze.
He asks not are they sick or well,
His heart is in the Maple Dell.

Now Jurist has the honored Court
Subpœna her to make report.
After the birth of her first child
The lawyer drank, his mirth ran wild ;
He tried to stand her on her head,
Just rising from that travail-bed.
She begged and prayed him to desist,
But he was in a whiskey mist.
He caused an injury severe,
That troubled her year after year,
Made organs from their place depart,
That needed Esculapian art.
Nature and art could not restore
The parts firm as they were before.
He laughed, while she wept painful tears :
She'd been his bride less than two years.
Supports then she had to wear,
Gray mingled with her jet-black hair.
Her competence to him had gone,
The lawyer that she leaned upon ;

And now it was his gracious will
Her books should pay the doctor's* bill.
Her bridal gifts to pay this debt
Upon them had a value set ;
The Bible of her marriage day
Her mother gave went in this way.
The doctor said at any time
The books redeemed he would resign ;
But Jurist never has redeemed,
Her treasures lightly he esteemed.
For her first-born could not provide,
Robbed of her nourishment it died,
Looked on its home, and winged its flight
Straight upward to the realms of light.
And I am glad she went to dwell
Above the leafy Maple Dell.

It seemed the fatal deed was done.
Adelia was a helpless one,
She had almost a broken spine,
She could not rise, could not recline,
Unless some one was near to raise
And help her by most gentle ways.
Sometimes relenting he would care,
And lift her from the bed and chair,
Would nobly ask her to forgive,
And hope she would get well and live ;
And then soon after he would drink,
And nothing of her illness think ;

* Adelia had been very sick ; Dr. W. had been very kind and skilful, and he had been called in to attend her case. Lieutenant Jurist was a strong, healthy young man, he had caused her illness by means of his intemperate cruelty, and Dr. W. was worthy of being paid for his medical services.

Would go for poison liquid strong,
And with "good fellows" revel long;
Dark nights would let her stay alone
To writhe in pain, to pray and groan.
The Elgin people, kind and good,
Would often bring her drink and food.
At times she felt such acute pain
It almost crazed her aching brain,
And then the sweat from every pore
Would stream and balmy sleep restore.
Long dreary months thus passed away,
Strong drink was leading to this day.
Her grief she locked in memory's cell,
Why she was suffering did not tell;
But now it is the honored Court
Subpœnas her to make report.

LIEUTENANT JURIST.

IN war times on Potomac's shore
The lawyer for his country swore.
She did like his gallantry
Among her light artillery.
He tried to shoot her pickets down,
And on him she began to frown.
His deeds of valor in the fight
Met with ill favor in her sight,
From guard-house to guard-house she sent
Him to get sober and repent.
But he filled high the flowing bowl,
And whiskey swayed his heart and soul.
She laid him on a filthy bed,
Where he could hear the sentry's tread.

Upon a bunk where vermin gnawed
He laid with fever, was outlawed,
Was helpless as a muffled drum,
To court or battle could not come.
A musket pointed toward his cell
Prepared to toll his final knell,
Adelia with kind Lincoln plead,
'Twas he that saved the lawyer's head.
And she lost fifteen pounds in weight
While grieving o'er her fine ingrate.

Her health failed, and to Jersey's shore
Again she went to seek for more,
To labor near the salt sea's foam,
Weary and faint, without a home.
She looked as fragile and aghast
As if within consumption's grasp.
Again she taught a public school,
And Jurist said she was "a fool."
She hoped and failed to comprehend,
And gave the money to her friend,
To educate him to do well;
She knew not of the Maple Dell.

Keen anguish tortured every nerve,
But hope prevailed, she did not swerve.
Her heart said you must try and try
To save him if he makes you die.
With wounded chest* and fresh heart-sore
She labored, while he drank and swore.
So rigid was his whiskey rule,
To earn his bread she'd taught a school;

* Jurist in his frenzy broke a coffee-cup upon Adelia's person.

She went upon the temperance stage,—
'Twas he that made her thus engage.
He said his modesty was dashed ;
But always when her bills were cashed
He slyly took the lion's share.
His old clothes she would sometimes wear,
And cut them into woman's form ;
And then would go through cold and storm
To get the money for his food.
She begged him to form habits good,
That he might work and help provide
A home in which they might reside.
She wished to stay in cottage walls,—
He sent her into public halls.
She thought it was unfair and hard
From comforts sweet to be debarred ;
To suffer hardships and neglect
From him who promised to protect ;
But she an invalid had to go
Through driving storms of rain and snow,
And painful plod the weary way,
While he would in a bar-room stay.
So thirsty was his stomach's sake
Not e'en a paper could she take ;
The New York paper that she took
He left upon their debit-book ;
The editors could not be paid,—
The whiskey bills must be defrayed,
E'en if she went from door to door
With a hand-organ to implore.
She knew not that the demon change
Fixed in his heart Delilah strange,
The competence her parents gave
He threw upon the surging wave ;

Her brothers for his bread and meat
Gave cash : he threw it in the street ;
Called on the dogs to come and eat.
The village boys came at his call,
To see the greenbacks 'round him fall.
He took his pistol from his side,
And panther-like the objects spied ;
The shark and tiger must have prey ;
His hand was lifted up to slay.
He told them they must homeward run,
Or he would shoot them with his gun.
They made a double-quick retreat,
And but one dog remained to eat,
A mastiff, somewhat like old Tray,
That danger could not drive away.

His father's means he also spent ;
Life policies to chaos went,
Ten thousand dollars every cent.
Son *vs.* Father was so bad
The poor old man went raving mad ;
A lunny of the hopeless kind,
In Danville walls his life resigned.
He said from slumbers soft as silk
He used to rise and get sweet milk
For little Jurist in the night,
When he would cry before daylight.
Affliction on the father fell ;
His son stayed in the Maple Dell.

Now Husband *vs.* Wife is here ;
The trouble came through wine and beer.
His taste for rum dates far away,
Long years before his marriage day.

A youth whose chin showed little down,
Dealing out liquors to the town ;
He stood within his father's store,
Where whiskey barrels laid on the floor ;
Part of the traffic which they made
Was dealing in the liquor trade.
This youth in California strayed,
In gambling-houses poker played ;
Aristocratic monté tried,
And for his losses often sighed,
For years before she was his bride.
Why, why this minstrel cast his spell
Upon her heart she cannot tell,
No more can solve this mystery
Than dive for treasures in the sea.
And now he'd have you understand
She made him join the whiskey band,
She drove him to Delilah's side,
Because *she* was a truant bride.
Such is his false and dastard plea,
Fine Baal of Society.

He broke the sacred marriage vow ;
'Tis he that says, " Keep silent now,
Or with a habeas corpus writ
I'll take your child legitimate ;
Again your heart-strings I will tear ;
To lose your boy you cannot bear.
This stroke will lay you in the dust ;
Keep still or part with him you must ;
Then, with Delilah by my side,
We'll dance the polka where you died ;
And yours shall be the waiting-boy,
To pour the wine and see our joy.

We'll teach him how to write and spell
Belles-lettres in the Maple Dell."

Her competence he freely spent ;
His stiffened neck does not repent ;
He with unhallowed passions yearns,
For a gay bride makes no returns
Of silver, greenbacks, or the gold,
To shield her from the storms and cold.
With anguish piercing every nerve,
She clung to him and did not swerve,
Till he abused his second child,
Then she could not be meek and mild ;
No more could smile, and soothe, and pet,
When he would drink, and rave, and fret.
He said that he would break her head,
She should leave him and earn her bread.
He made his home a tiger's lair,
And placed her life in peril there,—
Dropped burning lamps upon the floor,
Brought loaded pistols through the door,
Then hired Henry Santica*
To help Adelia move away.
For this trip he could pay the fares,
And lift the bed and broken chairs,
The broken table and the trunk,
That showed somebody's manly spunk.
He placed them on the wagon-load,
To haste the carter on the road,
To get her where the owl and bat
On mossy ruins nightly sat.

^{His}
* Henry X Santica, a respectable colored man, whose occu-
^{mark.}
pation was that of a carter.

It was the lawyer's legal scheme,
To bury her in Lethe's stream,
While he went chaperoning on
Amid the gayest festal throng.
Now Jurist has the honored Court
Subpœna her to make report,
Yet wants the gospel and the law,
And all the legal wheat and straw,
Or he will seize with habeas writ
Upon her child to murder it.
Thus Saturn-like his own destroy,
Her only child, her precious boy ;
Thus snatch from her her blood and flesh,
To tear her wounded heart afresh.

Their love was slain by his neglect ;
Its corpse she could not resurrect ;
His cruelty dug deep the ground,
And laid it 'neath its final mound.
He shaped events, the day was o'er,
Together they could walk no more ;
Herself and child were left alone
To nibble on a crust and bone.
Delilah, lively as a hawk,
With her he took the inside walk.
Can he sail forth in any State
Billing and cooing for a mate ?
What would the wise, immortal Penn
Say to such cruel, drunken men ?
Would he teach them the catechism,
Or lock them in a Keystone prison ?

PENNSYLVANIA'S VERDICT.

THE Court gave him no lover's lute,
It honestly "dismissed his suit."
Within the court of love he smiled,
Within the court of justice filed
So little of his legal lore,
The handsome lawyer's suit was o'er;
Adelia held first mortgage claim
Upon his heart and honored name.
Penn's verdict o'er the hills is borne;
Delilah gets a bugle horn,
Aloud she sounds the battle-cry,
In moonlit groves her banners fly;
Bellona comes with fiery arms,
They're desperate o'er the lawyer's charms;
They wrap him in a coat of mail,
They tell him he must never quail.
The sword around his loins they gird,
Fight for divorce is their watchword.

Adelia, on the mountain-side
No longer let your child reside;
To-night he's sick, but haste and go,
He is pursued by dangerous foe.
Go through the darkness and the rain,
A guard will see you to the train.
Though lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Make haste and leave New Jersey's shore;
Wrap up your child, make good your speed,
"Now is the time and hour of need."

New York* will give your child to you
Though Pandemonium come and sue;
They might as well tear out your heart
As force yourself and child to part.
Jurist would drive his first-made bride
To Danville, where his father died,
Within the same asylum walls,
Lamenting for her infant's calls.

A TELEGRAM TO THEMIS AND BELLONA.

O THEMIS, goddess of the law,
His image will you fondly draw
On canvas with your finest paint,
For your own honored patron saint.

Bellona of the deadly strife,
Crown your Lieutenant now for life
With laurel, myrtle, and the bay,
For whiskey made him lose the day.
In court and on the battle-field
His bottle proved a worthless shield.

* "All the States except New York and New Hampshire place a premium on illegitimate children by giving only such to the mother."

Adelia's was a legitimate child, consequently New York laws would not permit Lieutenant Jurist to will away his child from its mother into the custody of any guardian when he died in love with intoxicating beverage and Delilah.

A TELEGRAM TO DELILAH.

YOUR wreath hangs on the orange-tree,
Delilah, he will soon be free ;
He could not send her by express,
To famish in the wilderness.
On earth there is no secret glen
Where she has met with truant men.
She never in a sylvan glade
From twilight till next morning stayed ;
She never in the woods at dark,
Could study Botany and spark ;
She's been in no sequestered place,
With crimson blushes of disgrace,
Where moon and stars had no control
To sway the passions of the soul,—
These luminaries in the sky
On mortals keep a watchful eye,—
She never learned to read and spell,
Coquetting in a Maple Dell.

Delilah, with your dark-green eyes,
Her works, I'm told, you criticise ;
And to her husband fondly cling,
Chirp like a bird and gayly sing.
When steel is driven in your heart
You'll know how she has felt the smart ;
The Mormon laws can set him free,
And seal you in iniquity.
No doubt they'll break the orange-stem,
And place it in your diadem ;
And let you wear a marriage-ring,
And offerings to their Temple bring.

Utah can help you get annexed,
'Tis she can preach your happy text ;
Her Probate Courts are in full force,—
Utah can grant a fine divorce.
Beware! 'tis not a spider's net,
With geometric figures set ;
A circle tunnel for abuse,
Double outlet for double use,
Where the sly hunter seeks his prey,
Sucks out the blood and casts away ;
For such a net will fatal be
To you when comes wife number three ;
You may drop in a secret cell,
If you do not stay fair and well.

In Salt Lake City there's no Penn*
That will dismiss your suit again.
Jurist can sing this loving song—
This book of marital right and wrong—
Upon his gala marriage day
To cheer you on your amorous way :
The moonlight shines on him and thee,
Delilah, he will soon be free.

A TELEGRAM TO EXCELSIOR.

EXCELSIOR, 'neath the silver moon,
In April, May, or leafy June,
Oh, tell me of the honest way
To get divorce,—she cannot pay.

* The Court of Common Pleas in Pennsylvania, where
Lieutenant Jurist failed to get a divorce.

Excelsior, 'neath the azure skies,
Will you undo her wedded ties?
She lost her handsome truant mate
Within the limits of your State.
Oh, give three magna-charta bills
To help her climb your lofty hills!
Can she be the owner of her child,
In fear of no marauder wild?
Will you grant a divorcing bill
To her from him who tried to kill?
Her funds that he appropriated
Make him return before he's mated;
Before the Utah bells proclaim
Delilah honored bride of fame,
And sad Adelia gone to grass,
The remnant of her life to pass
Where sheep and cattle ruminatè;
From early morn till evening late,
Upon the mountain's rugged side;
Where moss and creeping ferns abide,
Beside the solitary rills
That wander down the sterile hills.

Her bridal gifts make him return
Before gay Cupid's torches burn
To celebrate the marriage day
Of Jurist, handsome runaway.
Before the Utah bells all ring,
"Adelia, poor, demented thing,
Go where the solemn gray owl screams,
Hoarse minstrel of the sylvan streams;
Go where the withered myrtle-boughs
Are emblems of your broken vows;
Go browse upon the mountain grass,
Let Jurist and Delilah pass

Among the wise, the good, and great
For pillars of the Mormon State.
Let gay Delilah laugh and wear
The orange-blossoms in her hair,
Let all the Mormon elders spread
Their plural blessings on her head.
In their Endowment House record
Delilah wedded to her lord.
Sealed in their Temple far from Styx,
The reigning belle of '76."
Before such tidings fill the air,
Excelsior, grant divorce somewhere.

Oh, haste and grant her earnest plea!
She treated him most tenderly.
He spent her funds for wine and beer,—
Send money from her truant deer.
She's often weary, faint, and sad,
She has a precious little lad;
On poverty's bleak heath you'll find
Them, in the storm and cruel wind;
Return her funds, she'll say farewell,
Leave Jurist in the Maple Dell.

A TELEGRAM TO BEAU-MONDE-BEAU
SOCIETY.

SOME of your handsome beaux have strolled,
And to Adelia offered gold;
For her they tried to sweetly sing
As nightingales in early spring.

Such beaux she never may behold
Again with diamonds, pearls, and gold.
She told them they must homeward go,
Their gifts upon their wives bestow ;
For she would sooner starve and grieve
Than outrage virtue and deceive.
A guilty conscience in her breast
Would never give her any rest ;
Wages of sin to dross would turn,
Ill-gotten goods in flames would burn.
She'd live on mountain berries wild,
But she would not disgrace her child.
Such beaux you hover 'neath your wing,
You smile and smile to hear them sing ;
Delilah's bridal couch you'd spread
Amid the dying and the dead ;
You'd scourge with whips of scorpions those
Whom her beau famished and half froze.
Jurist does wrong, you smile to see
Him flourish like a green bay-tree ;
But should the best of womankind
Swear, drink, or fight, you soon would bind
A millstone round her slender neck
And sink her for a useless wreck ;
Or else you'd cast a shower of stones,
And never heed her dying groans.
But heaven's all-seeing eyes perceive
What Adam does as well as Eve.
Ye beau-monde-beaux, you know, alas !
Your vices hid for virtues pass ;
You know a reckoning day of doom
Will surely come beyond the tomb.
In sunlight of the great white throne,
Bad as you are, you will be known.

COURTING IN THE MAPLE DELL CON-
TINUES.

"DELILAH, cease to weep and wail,
Adelia and her cause will fail ;
We'll send Bellona from the grove
And sing once more of faithful love.
When darkness on the waters lay
We'll safely go to Newark Bay.
Upon a dark and stormy night,
When not one star appears in sight,
And not one single lunar ray
Illumes the shore of Newark Bay ;
Near midnight, when the city scouts
Are far away on distant routes ;
When all Penn's Quakers soundly sleep,
And proud Excelsior climbs the steep
Of Alpine regions far away,
Our bark will glide o'er Newark Bay.
A flask of whiskey pure and old
We'll have within the vessel's hold.
We went to Milford at noonday ;
Adelia trod the mountain way.
Disaster was upon her track,
Penn's courtiers strongly turned us back.

"The Trenton Court will soon appear ;
Get in this hammock, precious dear,
Then you will get refreshing sleep,
And I will faithful vigils keep ;
Get in this hammock, and the trees
Will soothe you with their cooling breeze."

THE LAWYER'S VESPEREE IN THE
MAPLE DELL.

"SLEEP, love, where the hammock swings
On the breeze's sportive wings;
Dream not of the Milford air,
Trenton is a city fair.

When sable curtains are unfurled
Darkness rests upon the world.

Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

"Sleep, love, where the maple-leaf
Wafts away each shade of grief;
Dream not of the Keystone State,
In Trenton lies our happy fate.

We'll go and see New Jersey blue,
And to our cause she will prove true.

Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

"Sleep, love, 'neath the maple-bough,
Where we have plighted many a vow;
This time Adelia shall not know
Of us, where dark-winged zephyrs blow;
Nothing to her will I report,
She'll never hear of Trenton Court.

Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

"Sleep, love, where the woodbine twines,
And the flowering columbines;
No information from us hence,
Adelia shall make no defence.

This time she shall not know the place
Where the Court meets to fix her case.
Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

"Sleep, love, where the nightingale
Wakes echoes in the tuneful vale.
Away to Jersey we will go,
Desertion I will plainly show;
The best of lawyers I'll employ*
To get divorce, and then my boy.
Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay.

"Awake, my love, to Jersey hie,
While clouds are in the midnight sky;
To Newark and to Trenton fair,
Awake, my love, for triumph there;
Awake, my love, from slumbers sweet,
While darkness makes a safe retreat.
Our night will change to nuptial day
With Cupid on the Newark Bay."

A TELEGRAM TO THE HON. COURT OF
NEW JERSEY CHANCERY, OF 1876.

YE honorable and noble Court,
Must true wives never make report?
Must they just smother all their groans,
While whiskey takes their flesh and bones?

* Jurist employed Newark lawyers.

Subpœnaed by her fine ingrate,
She went into the Keystone State,
To see his merits tested there,
On scales of justice true and fair ;
It was the truant's own command :
He summoned her on Keystone land.
Before the Court of Common Pleas
His ignominy took low degrees.
From it he turned his Janus-face,
The Court dismissed his wanton case.
Then on an underground railway
Again the truant fled away.
He feared the Milford evidence,
He feared Adelia's just defence,
And cowardly away he stole
In Jersey to elude the whole.

New Jersey gave a bogus writ ;
To him is it a full permit
To make his libel good and true,
To hang it in the world's full view
What is divorce ? a truant's lie,
Steamed in hot rum from Jersey rye,
With sacred pledges faithless torn
By Jurist since his wedding morn,
Nearly a score of years ago,
When she thought him an honest beau.
If so, oh, where has justice fled ?
Are all the Jersey Solons dead ?

She never heard where she was lawed,
Until a friend disclosed the fraud.
After the year was passed and gone,
In which you sanctioned moral wrong,

Did perjury in a fleece of wool
Over your eyes securely pull,
Till your orbs turned to handsome pink,
Red as the best vermilion ink?
And was the fleece so thick and white
You could not tell the wrong from right?
From wife and child he took their last,
Also his creditors are vast.
Himself is the gay truant lord,
He drove Adelia with rum's sword.
'Twas Jurist sent his wife and child
To famish on a mountain wild;
'Twas he that paid the carter's fare;
'Twas he you heard so falsely swear.
When a black cat hides in your meal,
Do not your senses see nor feel
The fur, the head, the feet, nor claws,
So easy are your moral laws?
Has honor from your court-room fled?
Are all the Jersey Solons dead?

Do you have leather goggles on
When you distinguish right from wrong?
Do apples* from the dead lone sea
Seem to you of best quality?
All soundness with the fruitage blent,
From seeds clear to the 'tegument.
Because the outside peel looks fair,
Do you say nectar food is there,
When bitter ashes to the core
It is if you would but explore?

* "The apples of Sodom, beautiful without, but dust and ashes within."

In Blackstone's laws do you profess
Eternal justice and happiness,
So tightly woven in one net,
Both or not either man can get?
Do you believe Justinian true?
He says give each his proper due,
Live honestly, from fraud keep clear,
Hurt no one on this earthly sphere;
Or have wise laws perverted been
Till they indorse all kinds of sin?
Does Themis, goddess of the law,
Keep poison whiskey mixed and raw?
Has she a never-failing fount
In every vale and every mount,
Where alcoholic vapors rise
Lurid to cloud domestic skies?
Can all sworn traitors come to you
For license to get wives anew,
And form a Utah of their own
To multiply their flesh and bone?
Can all sworn traitors come to you
For license to get wives anew
Who live outside of Jersey State,
Regardless how they emigrate
From any clime or any zone?
Can you dispose their case alone,
To court and marry where they please,
And let their offspring starve and freeze?
In a one-sided easy suit,
Where the defendant must be mute,
Not knowing of the time or place,
Till after you have won the case,
You never let Adelia know
Where lurked her wily truant foe.

No chance you gave her for defence,
No chance to give her evidence.
Is just one arbitrary voice
Enough to make a legal choice?
In this great land of liberty
How can such legislation be!
There is a judgment bar above
That knows of all illicit love;
Be it strange women or red wine,
There's One who sees all earthly crime.
I'd sooner browse on herbage wild
Than sentence any wife or child
Before I listen to their plea,
Were I a judge of Chancery.
Justice should have its fullest sway,
At midnight and in blaze of day.
My hand I'd sever from its wrist
Before I'd aid a bigamist.
Has honor from your court-house fled?
Are all the Jersey Solons dead?

His libel did you deign to spread
O'er true love, murdered cold and dead;
By cruel Jurist it was slain:
He drew the life-blood from each vein.
He made that true heart beat its last,
Its lips in death he sealed them fast;
Destroyed its beauty and its grace,
And dug for it a burial-place.
With him the guilt now wholly lies
For spreading darkness o'er love's eyes.
He murdered it, in first degree,
By his neglect and cruelty,
Then o'er its grave a libel swore:
He is Delilah's troubadour.

Adelia's Bible, too, he took.
Make him return her cash and book
Before society comes out,
With banners and triumphant shout,
With demijohns of rum and wine,
To wed him with a concubine.
Take off your goggles, dust them well,
That you may vice from virtue tell,
And truth from falsehood clearly see,
When perjury comes in Chancery.
Let not Madeira wine that's made
From Jersey cider cloud your brain.
Tell me, oh, where has justice fled?
Are all the Jersey Solons dead?

Your typical divinity*
Has bandaged eyes, she cannot see.
No wonder justice goes astray,
When a blind goddess leads the way.
For when the blind by blind are led,
The best authority has said,
The blind guide and pursuers pitch
All down together in the ditch,
If in the ditch you do not know
Whose husband is Delilah's beau.
Ye watchmen on the tower, alas!
When such as you let evils pass,
Tell me, oh, where has justice fled?
Are all the Jersey Solons dead?

* "That typical divinity who presides over the administration of public justice is always represented as blindfolded."

A TELEGRAM TO CHURCH-GOING
PEOPLE.

COULD one true heart say "All is well,"
Should her spouse with Delilah dwell,
And fill the flowing bowl up high,
And courtship in the moonlight try,
Till whiskey turned his heart and head,
To get divorce and then to wed,
To banish her his first-made bride
To perish on a mountain-side,
In a lone cabin damp and cold,
Covered with moss and filled with mould,
Where owlets scream and ravens fly,
Alone to famish, faint, and die,
While her own money went to fix
A flaming belle of '76?
To such a habeas corpus writ
Where lives the man who would submit?
Should his own lordship ever be
The victim of such revelry,
Would he say whiskey was the thing
From which true happiness could spring?

FAREWELL, FAREWELL FOREVER.

ADELIA stands on the mountain-side,*
Her rights of law have been denied.
Delilah, hang upon his sleeve,
In all his artifice believe,

* A mountain in Pennsylvania, on the west bank of the Delaware, where Lieutenant Jurist subpoenaed Adelia to appear in order to see his integrity weighed in the legal balance.

Wed with him quickly as you can,
You're welcome to the truant man.
Run out your cannon, sound your gong,
For victory on the side of wrong;
Have all the whiskey force come out
And help you raise triumphant shout,
Till all the world shall know and hear
Of your success with lager beer.
She's not alone in this defeat,
The right and truth for her are sweet,
And both of them are on her side,
And God is good, and will provide.
You're welcome to fine Jurist now,
He's broken every sacred vow,
Her presence never shall annoy
Your world of transitory joy,
Where you and he in pleasures dwell
She'll never come. Farewell! farewell!

Adelia stands on the mountain-side,
Her rights of law have been denied;
'Tis said she wrote him a divorce,
In it she told his murderous course,—
How he had tried to take her life,
And she had ceased to be his wife.
He'd hired Henry Santica
Ere this to move their things away
Into a cabin damp and cold,
Covered with moss and filled with mould;
And in these cabin walls she wrote
Jurist a dissolution note,
In which she put her money claim
On him, and asked him for the same.
'Twas sent to the false, truant one
After his barbarous deeds were done,

After he broke the marriage tie,
After he sent her forth to die
And starve beneath a leaky roof,
And of it there is living proof.
To all her thousands—one, two, three—
Farewell, her funds she ne'er will see.

Adelia stands on the mountain-side
And gladly leaves the past,
With conscience clear to walk alone,
Where dangers are less vast.
She stood at the altar a trusting bride,
And thought of no breakers near
To wreck their love on the boiling tide
Of foaming lager beer.

In one short year she saw her plight,—
Her husband was whiskey's guest;
He drank and revelled day and night,
And robbed her soul of rest.
His war-clouds gathered in black array
As he spent her money in drink away;
His rule was a reign of terror and sin,
Farewell to the perils of brandy and gin.

Adelia stands on the mountain-side
And casts a backward glance,
And leaves the past with willing heart,
No more its charms enhance.
Their love was murdered in first degree,
As dead as any corpse could be,
By Lawyer Jurist: in whiskey's strife
He struck the blows to take its life.
There's naught can resurrect its form,
No shower of tears or friendship warm;

He buried it 'neath ruins deep,
Where naught on earth can wake its sleep.
True love, most cruel was your fate.
Farewell! you never were his mate.

Adelia stands on the mountain-side,
Her heart beats a calm retreat ;
Fine Jurist went forth in lofty pride
To make his sins replete,
To find a Court of Chancery
To legalize vile perjury.
He swore that she deserted him,
Thus added perjury to his sin.
Who thus ad 'finitum can stretch
The law is a deceptive wretch ;
Who thus the law can violate
With no true woman's heart can mate.
And if he stood by her side to-day
Not even their hands could meet,
No matter if half the weary world
Lies out between their feet.
She stands on the lonely mountain-side,
And he's in the Maple Dell ;
Their hearts are severed far apart,
No more in love to dwell.
Alas, when doings of wine and gin
Thus separate the nearest kin !
He broke the sacred marriage vow.
Farewell, forever, to him now.

THE HIGHEST AND BEST COURT.

ADELIA stands on mountain moss,
And leaves the past with all its loss;
She's ready now for a divorce
From any good authentic source;
But for it knows not how to pay,—
Fine Jurist took her cash away.

In heaven there is a judgment bar,
From it no mortal is afar;
It is the very highest court,—
There God is judge of each report.
Up in the mansions bright and fair
Her babes can have a Father's care.

There's One who sees the false and true,—
'Tis no short-sighted interview.
There we will see who takes the part
Of every faithful, bleeding heart.
All suffering caused by wine and rum
Before God's court will surely come.
In sunlight of His great white throne
The just and unjust will be known.
Jehovah Jireh, she will say,—
He'll help her o'er life's rugged way.

THE END.

